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Agricultural.

REGISTERING SHORTHORNS.

BAY PORT, Huron Co., Nov. 28, 1887.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Being a subscriber to the FARMER for some years I thought you would have no objections to giving me some information through its columns about Shorthorn registration. Some of my neighbors have Shorthorn cows that are recorded in the Dominion Herd Book. The secretary's name is Henry Wade, I think. They are not recorded in the American Herd Book. Are they eligible for the American Herd Book, if they are not recorded in the English Herd Book? We had some dispute at our fairs this fall in the registered Shorthorn class. These parties claim that the Dominion Herd Book stands higher than the American Herd Book. Please give me what information you can in the matter. How do they do at the State Fair? Must all Shorthorn cattle be recorded in the American Herd Book to be eligible for competition? Now, I claim that when we are in America we will do as the Americans do, and when we are in Canada we will do as the Canadians do, and if these cattle are eligible for the American Herd Book, let them record them there or show in the grade class. This information will be a benefit to the young breeders like myself.

YOUNG BREEDER.

To your first query we answer that the registry or non-registry of an animal in the Dominion Shorthorn Herd Book can have no influence upon the eligibility of the animal to registry in the American Herd Book. The rule that governs in determining whether an animal is eligible to registry or not is as follows:

"Pedigrees shall give the name, color, sex, date of birth, name and address of breeder and owner, name and herd book number of sire or his pedigree, name and pedigree of dam, with volume of her record in one of the herd books of the association, or of the English Herd Book. The animal must trace on the side of the sire and dam to recorded imported English Shorthorns, or to pedigrees not false or spurious, already of record."

The Dominion Herd Book has no standing in this country, and in purchasing Shorthorns Americans should always stipulate that they be registered in the American Herd Book, or trace direct to animals registered in it or in the English Herd Book.

To your second query we answer that at the State Fair only Shorthorns recorded in the American or English Herd Books, or whose sires and dams are so recorded, are entitled to compete in the thoroughbred classes, and this should be so at all fairs in the United States.

As to the Dominion Herd Book, it is as yet a recent affair, started to take the place of the Canadian Herd Book, which had become so unreliable that parties on this side of the line finally refused to recognize it in any way. We hope the Dominion Herd Book, if continued, will obtain a better reputation among breeders.

Annual Meeting of the Michigan Shorthorn Breeders' Association.

LAPEER, Nov. 30, 1887.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the programme of the Snorthorn Cattle Breeders' Meeting as published in the FARMER, the name of Mr. Wm. Ball has in some way been omitted. It should read, "What Families or Class of Shorthorns Promise best Profits for Breeding," Wm. Ball, Hamburg.

Since sending copy of programme I have notice of an additional paper by Mr. W. E Hale, of Eaton Rapids, "Some of the Difficulties to be Overcome by a Beginner," a subject that must prove interesting to a large number of the breeders who will this year attend.

President Johnson suggests as an additional topic, "The Value of Ensilage as Cattle Food."

From letters received I feel certain that a very large number of the Shorthorn breeders of the State will be in attendance.

I. H. BUTTERFIELD, Sec'y.

REGULATING BREEDING BY LAW.

In the last issue of the *National Stockman* a correspondent has an article on this subject which contains some good suggestions—and some not so good. He says:

"But I think the enterprise and education of our people has reached that plane that such a law could be enforced and put into successful practice. Many other countries are reaping large profits to-day by selling the fine animals that the laws and usages of their country assisted them to breed and raise. I am aware that we farmers prefer to vote for the fine-haired class lawyers, doctors, etc., to enable them to join our law-making bodies, and the result is we seldom get any enactments that favor us as a class in the least. This is about as foolish an act as we could be guilty of. It would be safer and better to select representatives from our own number, their interest, being identical with ours. We would doubtless be thought of before the next election.

"I would favor a law requiring all to breed to registered thoroughbred or standard-bred stock, and to have all owners of such stock required to allow the use of their services at a uniform price, which should not be extravagant—say $10 for horses and $5 for cattle; and let this be a lien against the produce until paid, no matter whose hands they may fall in. I know of the best horses in this county being very little used on account of high fees. This looks to me to be a great loss to the breeding world. They should not idle away their time in this way. Some breeders of cattle in their advertisements offer the services of their favorite bull for $1,000 each, others, a little more considerate, at $500; and down to $100. This I believe to be downright extortion, if it means what it states; if not it is at least hypocritical, and is not without its bad effects on the great breeding interest.

"I would then favor a law that would guard well the interest of all concerned, and that would utilize in the best possible manner all the thoroughbred sires we have, and it appears to me there is enough to do so in this part, and that would have all the male grades castrated at an early age, with penalty attached for use of such for breeding purposes, etc."

His suggestion regarding the use of thoroughbred males is in the right direction, and would undoubtedly be of much general benefit to the live stock of the country. But when he stipulates that this law shall also place a value upon their services and compel owners to accept a certain price, he is favoring something which would be directly opposed to improved breeding. How many men would put from $1,000 to $3,000 in a sire if they were restricted by law to a $10 fee? Would not the result be that second rate sires (the fee would be about right for third rate), would drive out the better class, and what would be gained by compelling owners to breed to thoroughbred sires would be lost by forcing out valuable ones by this low fee, and filling their places with the poorest specimens which would pass muster under the regulations adopted? Such a statute would be an effectual bar to enterprise and progress in breeding. How would the owner of a George Wilkes, an Electioneer, a Sultan or a Nutwood regard such a law? Would the history of the running turf be filled with Lexingtons, Leamingtons, Ten Brocks, Longfellows, Foxhalls and Ormondes under such regulations?

The sensible way to accomplish the improvement of live stock is for the government to foster enterprise, not to crush it. Protect the owners of well bred animals from the competition of worthless scrubs which are palmed off on farmers and horse owners as well-bred and under fictitious pedigrees. We think such statute as the one now in force in this State will accomplish more for the stock interest than the one suggested by this correspondent. It is as follows:

A bill to punish persons guilty of false pretenses in obtaining certificates of registration of cattle and other animals, and to punish giving false pedigrees,

SECTION 1. *The people of the State of Michigan do enact as follows:* Every person who by any false pretense shall obtain from any club, association, society or company for improving the breed of cattle, horses, sheep, swine or other domestic animals, a certificate of registration of any animal in the herd register of any such club, association, society or company, or a transfer of any such registration, and every person who shall knowingly give a false pedigree of any animal, upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison for a term not exceeding three years, or in a county jail not exceeding one year, or by a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, or by both such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court.

This law is designed to prevent fraud, and this is a protection to owners of thoroughbred animals, as well as to the farmer who desires to use them. If you want to breed to scrubs the law allows you to do so, and the loss is your own. But it prevents the owner of the scrub from deceiving any one, and thus directly encourages the breeding and use of well bred animals. Such a law should be in force in every State.

A BOHEMIAN oats suit was tried in Flint last week which attracted a good deal of interest among farmers in that vicinity. A. W. Hanmer, representing the Ypsilanti Oat Company, sold Abram Pittsworth, of Atlas, twenty bushels of Bohemian oats in August, 1885, and guaranteed to take forty bushels of the next year's harvest at a stipulated price. He represented, Mr. Pittsworth claims, that his company had $100,000 deposited with the State Treasurer at Lansing, and was sound in every particular. Mr. Pittsworth recently instituted suit in the Genesee circuit court, charging that Hanmer had obtained his signature to the note given in payment for the twenty bushels of oats by false representations. The jury found Hanmer guilty as charged, and he says he will appeal the case to the Supreme Court.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE OF MICHIGAN.

Feeding Steers of Different Breeds—Bulletin No. 30, Department of Practical Agriculture.

In March last we published a bulletin (No. 24) which outlined in some degree the proposed experiment of feeding good representatives of some of the best known breeds of cattle from calfhood to maturity, under the same conditions. This bulletin also contained the breeding of the ten animals secured for this purpose, viz.: two each of Galloways, Shorthorns, Holsteins, and Jerseys; one Hereford and one Devon, with a complete record of the food consumed, daily ration, monthly weights, and gains up to March 10, 1887.

The present bulletin gives the results for the seven months ending Oct. 10, 1887.

Since the date of the last bulletin, the steers have been allowed to run in a small field adjoining the experimental barn, in suitable weather; but have been taken up regularly three times a day and fed a meal and hay ration. When kept in stalls they have been watered regularly three times daily, and when outside have had free access to the water tanks. During the early part of the season they had a fair bite of grass; but in the long continued drouth later, they were entirely dependent on the food supplied in the stalls. No account has been made of the pasture, as all had an equal chance in that respect.

In April and May the steers had a small daily ration of ensilage or roots, from 5 to 8 pounds. The meal fed was made up of one-third oats and corn ground half and half, one-third wheat bran and one-third oil meal, form April to Aug. 24. Since that date the proportions have been 50 pounds corn and oats, 10 pounds calf meal and 30 pounds wheat bran.

Some of the animals have made greater gains that were looked for, others have failed to reach the weights expected.

It should be remembered that the animals were not selected on account of any phenomenal development; but the object was to get good *average animals* of the various breeds, feed and care for them well and *exactly alike*, save in amount of food, and see how they would respond in growth and flesh. Their answers are given in the following table, which I trust will prove of interest to cattle men.

I greatly regret that we have had but one specimen of the Hereford and Devon breeds; but circumstances beyond our control prevented our securing them for this purpose.

The State Board of Agriculture is in hearty sympathy with this line of work, and we propose to secure another lot of calves during the coming summer for another test. Any parties having well bred and promising calves that they would like to have fed in this way are requested to write me.

While this single test with a limited number of animals does not positively demonstrate the value of the breeds, it is still hoped that the work is in the right direction and that a number of tests of this sort may lead to a more perfect knowledge of the feeding quality and habits of growth of the different breeds, which will be of real practical value to all breeders of cattle.

Name of Animal.	Breed.	Date of Birth.	Weight October 10th, 1887.	Gain per day from birth to October 10th, 1887,	Amount of grain from June 10th 1886, to Oct 10th 1887	Amount of hay from June 10th, 1886, to Oct. 10 1887.	Gain per day from June 10, 1886, to to October 10th 1887.	Amount of food for evry pound gain'd from June 10 1886, to Oct. 10, 1887	
			Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.	Grain.	Hay.
Latitude	Devon	March 23, '86	820	1.45	2.223	2.413	1.33	3.43	3.71
King Jumbo	Galloway	February 17, '86	1,050	1.75	2.617	2.947	1.43	3.62	4.07
Judge	Galloway	January 1, '86	1,298	1.95	3.261	3.862	1.64	4.08	4.84
Hendricks	Hereford	October 27, '85	1,100	1.54	2.540	3.381	1.12	4.65	6.19
Potter	Jersey	February 25, '86	925	1.58	2.205	2.771	1.53	2.85	3.57
Roscoe	Jersey	August 27, '85	1,046	1.35	2.835	3.937	1.16	6.77	6.95
Beltz	Jersey	November 17, '85	1,406	2.03	4.051	4.429	1.72	4.85	5.29
Nichols	Holstein	February 26, '86	1,126	1.9	2.972	3.172	1.76	3.47	3.7
Homer	Holstein	November 25, '85	1,310	1.91	3.827	3.963	1.58	4.98	5.17
Holt	Shorthorn	December 17, '85	1,160	1.75	3.148	2.613	1.56	4.14	4.75

It is our intention to continue the feeding of these steers for another year, when the final results may be compared. Copies of this bulletin and No. 24 will be mailed to interested parties on application to the undersigned.

SAM'L JOHNSON,
Prof. of Agriculture.

FARM DEPARTMENT,
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, Nov. 1, '87.

John L. Hayes

MEMOIR OF HON. JOHN LORD HAYES, LL. D.

BY GILES B. STEBBINS, DETROIT, MICH.

John Lord Hayes passed to the higher life from his home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Monday, April 18, 1887, after a weary illness of several months. The change "was like the stopping of a watch," as one of the family said. After a long life of unusual health and vigor his body yielded to disease. At the last moment his daughters said "his face was irradiated."

Born in South Berwick, Maine, April 13, 1812, he had just passed his seventy-fifth year. The fact that he was the eldest of thirteen children, of whom six sons and as many daughters reached adult years and six are still in active life, shows a heritage of sound physical health. His father, William A. Hayes, was an eminent lawyer and a man of signal probity and fine culture. He was probate judge for years, and lived on a great farm, the model farm of Maine. In 1680 John Hayes, "The Puritan," as his tombstone says, emigrated from Scotland, and was the ancestor of a strong race. Susannah Lord, the mother of John L. Hayes, a woman of deep poetic feeling and religious sense of duty, traced her lineage back to Nathan Lord, of Kittery, Maine, in 1650, whose descendants did good duty to State and college. Rev. John Lord, LL. D., the eminent historical lecturer, is one of his race. On both his father's and mother's side Mr. Hayes was connected by blood and marriage with some of the best known New England families.

This much of the ancestors of John L. Hayes, from whom came to him what is more precious than rank or wealth, the gifts of honor, industry, intellect, fine taste, and personal worth. He was well trained, not only in the best schools but in one of the best New England homes. A sturdy country boy, he could ride, swim, skate, or shoot with the best, and his fine health and endurance held out to the last year of his life. To his oldest sister, a woman of marked mental and spiritual power, he owed much. To the bright company of brothers and sisters, to the wise father and the gracious mother, and to the good society that came to the hospitable home he owed much also. * * * * *

Mr. Hayes was appointed clerk of the United States courts for the District of New Hampshire by the distinguished Judge Story, with whom he had formed intimate relations while at the Law School. He was a member of the American Association of Naturalists and Geologists, the Boston Society of Natural History, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and the Societe d'Acclimatation of France, and in 1878 Dartmouth College made its learned and diligent graduate an LL. D. In politics he took part so far as duty seemed to require it; was chairman of the Democratic Club in 1840, and in 1845 helped as a pioneer to organize the Free Soil movement. * * * *

In 1846 came a change, unfortunate yet fortunate—the adversity of to-day opening the way for the life work to begin to-morrow. Some Portsmouth citizens took an interest in the Katahdin Iron Works, far up in the forests of Maine, sixty miles from Bangor, and made Mr. Hayes the general manager, his practical scientific tastes and persistent industry leading him to take up the task with great zeal, and to make it a successful enterprise in charcoal iron manufacture. But soon came the British free trade tariff of 1846, the deluge of English iron pushed over here at cost or below, the closing up of our mills and furnaces, and the ruin of this promising enterprise and many others like it.

This called his attention to the tariff question, led, as we shall soon see, to his writing a strong memorial on that subject, and was the turn of the tide which set toward long and eminent service to home industry.

In 1851 he moved his family to Washington, the former importance of Portsmouth growing less, and held a leading place as a lawyer and in the really best social life of the national capital for ten years. As the coming storm of civil war filled the air with perturbation he held firm to the Union side, and was one of the marshals who rode beside the carriage of Abraham Lincoln at his first inauguration. Mr. Hayes held his opinions on all subjects with unswerving firmness, but never needlessly obtruded them, and had the abiding confidence and friendship of many who differed from him.

In May, 1861, he was made Chief Clerk of the Patent Office, (its chief executive officer,) and often acted as Commissioner in the absence of that official, making many reports and decisions of marked legal ability, and doing his duty well and thoroughly. He made a report in favor of extending the patent on the Bigelow carpet loom, an invention which cheapened the cost and added to the real value of our carpets, and this led to an acquaintance with the late E. B. Bigelow, and to his going to Boston, in May, 1865, as Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers.

TWENTY YEARS OF IMPORTANT WORK.

Here he found his place and his work. That place he held and that work he carried on with unflagging industry and courage for more than twenty years. Early life on the farm gave knowledge of the fleece, and natural skill in mechanism and love of practical science gave knowledge of the loom. He could see the close relations and common interests of the woolen manufacturer and the wool grower. Experience and intercourse among farmers, manufacturers, business men, and workingmen led him to see the real unity of interests linking each to all and all to each, and to see also the benefit of varied industry as a help to higher civilization. In his long advocacy of the protective policy he never sought to build up one industry at the expense of another.

All the valuable work of previous years served to help in this chosen field. The problem was to know all possible of the manufacture of wool and of sheep husbandry the world over. To know of markets and costs as well as of processes of making cloth and raising wool. Who has so well mastered this problem? The *Bulletin* which he edited, the organ of the Association, was authority the world over on those matters.

To believe thoroughly, as he did, that protection is a boon to the consumer as well as to the producer; to learn what degree of protection is fair and wise and for the common good not only in the customs duties on foreign wool and woolens but in those on other imports; how best to build up not only the fleece and the loom but the iron and cotton mill and the making of implements and fabrics of many kinds; how to open the mine and improve the farm and uplift the lot of labor everywhere, and give needed revenue to government and develop the great resources of our wide land for the good of all—this was his ideal political economy; and how much he did to make it actual! * * * *

In Washington, legislators and other public men often sought him quite as much as he sought them. His faithful accuracy of statement and candid weight of opinion won respectful confidence, so that those who inclined toward free trade, as well as those who favored protection, were glad to meet him. * * * * *

The annual report of Mr. Hayes, as Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, at their twenty-second annual meeting, at Boston, in October, 1886, was his last official paper but one. It shows throughout an undiminished excellence of thought and style. To those, if any such there be, who suppose that corrupt means are used by associations like this to gain protective legislation, or reduce the wages of labor, or to monopolize products, his plain statements are especially commended. What he says is as true, I think, of the American Iron and Steel Association as it is of the body which he served and helped so long and so well. Such schemes and measures are as foreign to the objects of the one as the other. His report closes as follows:

"If we have not done those things which we ought to have done I think we have a right to say that we have not done those things which we ought not to have done. I can not recall a single act of this Association which I would blush to lay open to the world. In the most criticial emergencies of legislation not a single dollar has been spent directly or indirectly to secure a vote or to influence press or lobby. Not a single movement has ever been made to reduce the prices of labor, to resist labor organizations, or to curtail production. No combination has been permitted to oppose obnoxious patents or diminish the prices or protection of auxiliary industries furnishing machinery supplies or raw materials. Even in the movement to restore the wool duties not a letter was written from our office, nor was any personal influence, with the sanction of the Association, brought to bear upon a member of Congress to counteract the movement. Not a cent of the funds of the Association has ever been expended for convivial purposes or social influences, nor a dollar appropriated to a political organization or for a political object. These, it is true, are merely negative virtues, but the consciousness that we may rightfully claim them gives us the satisfaction of feeling that if we have not exalted at least we have not tarnished the fair fame of American industry."

WOOL AND WOOLEN TARIFF OF 1867.

Up to 1867 there had been a want of fair understanding between wool growers and manufacturers, while the intelligent and large-minded on both sides saw that their interests were so interdependent as to be really one, since either was directly helped by the prosperity and hurt by the adversity of the other. The wool grower's only market is at home, and the larger our home manufacture the larger and better is that market. The manufacturer is better off with a good supply of domestic wool than when largely dependent on the chances and changes of distant climes and foreign markets. At least a series of important meetings and conferences took place, mostly at Syracuse, New York, with Hon. Henry S. Randall, President of the National Association of Wool Growers, as leading manager on one side, and Mr. Hayes, representing the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, taking part and perhaps giving facts and advice. Both these gentlemen won the confidence of all, and their services were highly appreciated. The result was the wool tariff of 1867, which was undisturbed until 1883, was held advantageous to both the wool and woolen industries, and helped greatly to put aside all old jealousies and bring in their place the mutual confidence and good will which is largely felt between the growers of wool and the makers of woolen fabrics who favor fair protective duties for both. These conferences made Mr. Hayes known and respected by wool growers in all parts of the country, and it is well understood that he did much to make them useful and successful. He had a large part in the framing of the wool and woolen tariff at that time and in its passage by Congress. * * *

PRESIDENT OF THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

On May 15, 1882, Congress passed an act for the creation of a tariff commission of nine persons, to be chosen by the President of the United States, "to take into consideration and thoroughly investigate all the various questions relating to the agricultural, commercial, mercantile, mining, and industrial interests of the United States, so far as the same may be necessary to the establishment of a judicious tariff, or a revision of the existing tariff upon a scale of justice to all interests." Of this important commission Mr, Hayes was made president, and was thus led to the most prominent public position of his life, and one for which previous experience in industrial affairs made him well fitted.

The task it undertook was arduous and important, and its report to Congress was to be made the next December. Twenty-nine cities were visited, travel at night and work in the day often occurring, and six hundred and four persons had hearing and were questioned, their statements and testimonies being carefully reported and published. All were impartially heard, regardless of party opinion or economic theory. The report of the commission, in two large volumes, was prepared by its president at the unanimous wish of the members, and is substantially his, with such modifications as were asked for by others.

* * * * * * *

The conclusions of the commission were not those of any one member but a majority. If lower duties on wools were suggested, [illegible] still more reduced on leading staple wools [illegible] up the larger part of our manufactures, [illegible] suggested in the same schedule, with the evident aim to keep a fair balance between the two. For twenty years Mr. Hayes had maintained his loyalty to the wool and woolen interests, wisely holding that calamity to either must fall heavily on the other, and that both should be protected fairly and with mutual justice. This spirit and aim gave him the confidence of the members of the commission, as it had long before given him the abiding confidence and sincere and admiring respect of the intelligent wool growers and manufacturers from Maine to California. That confidence will last, and with it will come a larger measure of loving reverence. It is enough to say that as President of the Tariff Commission he did what long years of practice had made it a settled and excellent habit to do—he did his duty."

For the Michigan Farmer.

THE ESSEX FARMERS' CLUB.

Report of the November Meeting.

At the time appointed President Floate called the meeting to order, and offered a few very appropriate remarks upon the ways and means of making the Farmers' Club a success; after which the minutes of the last meeting were read and approved.

A motion to hold a meeting ot the Club once in two weeks, prevailed. Some miscellaneous business was done, after which the literary exercises were proceeded with.

First on the programme was a song by the choir—"The Farmers' Joy." The Club then listened to an essay by Norman Cowles, subject, "How May a Farmers' Club improve our Social, Moral, Intellectual and Financial Condition." The essayist presented his thoughts in a clear and practical manner, showing clearly the benefits to be derived from an interchange of thoughts with our fellow-men, and believed that the Farmers' Club afforded a valuable means by which to attain this end. "This is an age of improvement, and we must be up and doing, or we may get left." The discussion, which followed, was animated and earnest, and served to bring out many good thoughts.

Mr. Bentley said farmers should combine for mutual aid and benefit, and the Club was intended to afford one of the best means by which to reach this object, and all should join and become able to express their ideas. If they could not talk, they could write. He had always received benefit by meeting with the Farmers' Club.

Mr. Heck liked to see union of effort; was willing to do his part; he desired to get the full benefit of the meetings.

Mr. Curtis said much of his knowledge had been gained in farmers' meetings; thought no class of people were so hard to interest in gatherings of this kind, but farmers ought to join the Club and feel interested. Farmers should have a knowledge of soils and of the value of fertilizers. Did they possess this, there would be less failures. A man need not wait to own a farm before taking an interest in a Farmers' Club.

Mr. Floate—By discussion we gain benefit in many ways. Often could thus learn the price which our produce should bring, and could buy and sell understandingly. He would not do away with a fair complement of "middlemen."

Mr. Dunning—Farm produce, as all know, is very low. How could prices be bettered? The question was hard to answer. Learning how to raise the most on an acre without increasing the cost would benefit us financially.

Mr. Rice asked how we could be benefitted by raising more from our farms if there was already an overplus? He felt that the Grange had helped farmers by lowering the price of plaster and also in other ways.

Mr. Curtis—If we could learn how to raise 30 bushels at the same cost as 20 bushels now required, it surely would be a financial benefit.

The Club was next favored with a song—"The Farmer Feeds Them All," after which Mrs. J. T. Daniells read an essay on "How can winter evenings, in farmers' homes, be best improved?" The essayist referred to the fact that the somewhat necessary isolation of farm life made the farmer and the farmer's family largely dependent on their own resources for amusement and culture; but this condition brought with it self reliant effort and freedom from dissipation; and she called on the members of the Essex Farmers' Club to make the light that emanates from their homes, a power for the development of the highest type of Christian manhood and Christian womanhood.

The discussion which followed the reading of the essay, brought out very fully the views of the members as to what each thought the best way to improve the long winter evenings, the tenor of which was, that good papers should be a principal factor.

The executive committee presented the following programme for the next meeting, which will be held on Friday evening, Dec. 9th.

Music—"Farmers' Chorus."
Essay by H. D. Curtis, subject, "How to make the farm pay?"
Recitation by Mrs. C. D. Rice.
Music—"Come join the Club."
Essay by Miss Carrie Cowles, subject, "A stitch in time will save nine."
Select reading by W. I. Caruss.
Question for discussion, "Resolved, that there is inducements for Michigan farmers to plant orchards." Chief disputants Messrs. C. D. Rice and M. A. Danning.
Music.

The exercises were closed with music—"A good time coming."

J. T. DANIELLS, Sec'y.

The Horse.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

About two weeks since we saw a report in a country exchange, which we republished, that the trotting mare Gazelle, record 2:21, had died at Saugatuck, this State, and that she was owned by Stimson & Co., of that place. In the last issue of the Chicago *Horseman* we find the following article regarding this mare, which will show how careful a man must be when purchasing horses from unknown or irresponsible parties:

It is quite evident that Messrs. Stimson & Co. were made the victims of a gross deception when they purchased a mare alleged to be Gazelle 2:21. On Nov. 10th they wrote us on a postal card as follows:

SAUGATUCK, Mich., Nov. 11, 1887.

ED. HORSEMAN;—Our bay mare, Gazelle, 2:21, by Hambletonian 10, died yesterday; cause, inflammation of the bowels and old age. We saw some time back inquiries in regard to her. She was sold in New York after making her record in Brooklyn for breeding purposes and brought west. We have a fine colt from her—a son of Bourbon Wilkes—five months old. Yours,

STIMSON & CO.

The card was handed over to the member of our staff who takes charge of the Track and Boulevard department, and the following paragraph appeared in the T. and B. columns in our issue of November 17.

Stimson & Co., Saugatuck, Mich., write us that on the 10th they lost by death, from inflammation of the bowels, at the age of twenty-two years, their bay brood mare Gazelle 2:21, by Hambletonian, dam Hattie Wood, by Corning's Harry Clay. Gazelle was purchased just after making her record at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1872, and brought west. Stimson & Co. have her last foal, a fine colt, five months old, by Bourbon Wilkes.

Having occasion to glance at the Palo Alto catalogue we noticed that Gazelle 2:21, was still alive and the property of that celebrated stock farm, and we at once wrote to Messrs. Stimson & Co. for an explanation. In the meantime the paragraph had attracted the eye of Mr. Chas. Backman of Stony Ford, who writes us as follows:

STONY FORD, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1887.

ED. HORSEMAN:—I noticed in your issue of Nov. 17th that Stimson & Co., of Saugatuck, Mich., lost their brood mare Gazelle, record 2:21, by Hambletonian 10, dam Hattie Wood, and that she was purchased just after making her record at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, in 1872. There must be a mistake in regard to this mare, as Mr. Harker told me right after the race that he would not take $50,000 for her. He afterwards bred her to Hambletonian Prince and Gov. Sprague, and sold her with her produce to Gov. Stanford of California for about $12,000. You will find Gazelle in Gov. Stanford's catalogue for 1887, on page No. 116. Yours truly,

CHAS. BACKMAN.

On November 23, Messrs. Stimson & Co. send us their explanation, which sheds no light upon the matter, except the fact that they have undoubtedly been deceived. The letter speaks for itself:

SAUGATUCK, Mich., Nov. 23 1887

EDITOR HORSEMAN:—I understand that there was a letter received from you during my absence from town. Mr. S. opened and laid it away and it cannot be found. He informs me that you doubt the mare being Gazelle. I don't. I bought the mare three years ago, she was brought from Iowa the year before. I had her pedigree but it was lost in the burning of our buildings in July, 1886. She was bred as I mentioned in my postal.

To satisfy ourselves in regard to the mare, after we purchased her we placed her in training. She was too old to let go a mile, but on a half mile track have sent her a quarter at a 2:24 gait without urging except by voice. I will describe the mare as near as I can. She was a bay, 15¼ hands high, black points, legs all black to above knees, rather long body, hind legs well crooked under body at gambles, head and neck well set on body, cut up in throat like a thoroughbred, rather heavy jaw, the only white was a dim spot in center of head about two-thirds the size of a five cent piece, was inclined to travel close behind at a slow jog, and in scoring would often start for a few steps on a pace, that is when at a jog. When at her speed she was as fine moving mare as ever walked, quick and sharp, clean as a dollar. There was one peculiarity about the mare. I always said she had a breast like a chicken, her breast bone was very prominent, but her chest was full and well developed. Her colt is as near like her as a colt can be to a horse. We claim that the mare was as named; if we are in error we desire to know it.

Yours very truly,

STIMSON & CO.

Mr. Backman's letter is conclusive, and the only astonishing thing is that Messrs. Stimson should have bought a mare purporting to be so celebrated, and that the mistake should not have been found out by them until after she was dead.

Horse Distemper.

A violent form of distemper has been prevailing in some parts of Kentucky during the past few months, and several breeders have lost many valuable animals from its effects. The stock under Mr. Conley's care has escaped. Some time since we mentioned in these columns that Mr. C. gave all his horse stock free access to salt in which a few wood ashes and a small quantity of pulverized copperas was mixed. We notice by a late issue of the Kentucky *Stock Farm* that some of the veterinary surgeons there recommend keeping in the feed boxes a mixture of equal parts of salt, sulphur, wood ashes and copperas, and also giving bran mashes frequently. It is probable that the constant use of the above mixture by Mr. Conley is the secret of his stock escaping the distemper. He also keeps a small piece of asafœtida in each watering trough. Another advantage of this treatment is that the animals will never be troubled with worms. Northern breeders can profit by Mr. Conley's example.

THE American Association of Shire horses have elected the following officers for the next two years: President, Alexander Galbraith, Janesville, Wis.; Vice-President, George E. Brown, Aurora, Ill.; Secretary, Charles Burgess, Wenona, Ill.; Treasurer, F. C. Warner, Fox Lake, Wis. Board of Directors—W. G. Powell, Springboro, Samuel Bell, Wooster, O.; B. F. Dorsey, Perry, Ill.; William M. Fields, Cedar Falls, Ia.; J. M. Garr, Richmond, Ind.; W. F. Pritchard, Ottumwa, Ill.; R. P. Bericker, Springfield, Ill.; James D. Beckett, Chicago, Ill.; William Thompson, Amity, Mo.

FARRELL & GODFREY, of Parma, have purchased from Ohio parties the trotting mare Ada M., by J. H. Welch, dam Shirley, by Powell's Flying Cloud.

Horse Gossip.

L. C. WEBB, of Mason, has sold to M. J. Bement, of same place, a yearling colt by J. W. Bailey 3457, dam Cora Belle by Jo Gavin 564. Price, $300. The colt is standard bred.

R. G. HART, of Lapeer, has sold his imported Percheron stallion Louvois, to L. C. Balch, of Little Rock, Ark., for $2,500. He is a fine horse, and was first in his class at the State Fair.

THE Chicago *Horseman* says the Michigan horse H. M. Strong, by Bay Middleton, is doing duty as a "ringer" in the vicinity of Philadelphia, under the name of Little Joe. Strong has a record of 2:25¼.

S. A. BROWNE & CO., of the Kalamazoo Stock Farm, have sold to parties in Canada the yearling colt Wilkesbarre 5244, dam Susie Wilkes by George Wilkes 519; 2d dam, Dowager, by Superb 295; 8d dam, Symmetry, by Seely's American Star 14. The price paid is said to have been $1,500.

DOWN in Kansas it is quite the fashion to establish horse fairs, generally at the county seat of the more populous counties, where those wishing to sell take their animals and those who would buy congregate. The sales are held once a month and prove quite successful.

THE Chicago *Horseman* says that under the provisions of the Ives pool the State Controller of New York has received from the various racing associations a percentage on their gate receipts for the past season. This money is to be distributed among breeders in that State in the shape of premiums to stimulate the interest in the improvement of stock.

ISADOR COHNFELD, well known as the owner of the champion stallion Maxey Cobb, 2:13½, and the team with the fastest record—Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium—has joined the American colony of embezzlers and frauds in Montreal. He is said to drive the finest double team in that city, which will undoubtedly be heard with delight by his creditors.

META, a thoroughbred yearling filly by Onondaga, dam Una by War Dance, recently ran half a mile over the Lexington, Ky., course, with 100 lbs. up, in 51 seconds. This is the best time ever made by a yearling in Kentucky, and is at the rate of a mile in 1:42. She is owned by W. McGuigan Jr., well known in this State as a driver.

SAYS the Ingham County *Democrat*: "In speaking of the Greenbacks colt, Henry Peters, of this city, sold to C. B. Van Houten, of Washington Territory, the Spokane Falls *Daily Chronicle* says Mr. V. has refused $1,500 for him and that he would not sell him at any figure, as he is the making of the finest horse in that section.

DAN SWIGERT, the proprietor of the Elmondorf stables at Lexington, Ky., has purchased from Dwyer Bros. the great thoroughbred colt Tremont for $25,000. This is the largest price ever paid in this country for any homebred thoroughbred for breeding purposes. Tremont was sired by Virgil, a son of Vandal by imp. Glenco. His dam was Anna Fife by Alarm, he by imp. Bonnie Scotland out of Rebecca by imp. Glencoe.

A CORRESPONDENT at Jackson asks for the breeding of the young stallion Bell Boy, owned by S. A. Browne & Co., of the Kalamazoo Stock Farm. Bell Boy was bred by Leland Stanford, Menlo Park, California, and was foaled in 1885. His sire is Electioneer 125; dam, Beautiful Belle by The Moor 870; 2d dam, Minnehaha by Stevens' Bald Chief, a son of Alexander's Bay Chief; 3d dam, Nettie Clay, by Cassius M. Clay Jr. 22. Electioneer 125 was by Hambletonian 10, dam Green Mountain Maid by Harry Clay 45.

FRENCH DRAFT AND PERCHERON HORSES AT NORMAL, ILLINOIS.—The special attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement in another column of the importers and breeders of the French Draft and Percheron horses of Normal, Ill. This city and vicinity is given up almost entirely to the business of breeding and importing these noble animals, and we are doing injustice to no locality when we say that there are more firms engaged in this business at that place than are located at any point in this country, and most of them are very well known to our readers as men of experience, and who handle only the very best stock. We commend them all to the confidence of our readers, and suggest that if you wish to know how much stock is handled there, and what competition does for the buyer in the way of reasonable prices, you should address each one of the dealers whose names appear in the advertisement for full information, which will in each case be freely given by return mail.

THE trotting horse Domestic, which has been here since the July trotting meeting, is now thought to be in a fair way for a recovery, although he has had a very severe experience. Domestic is a stallion, and owned by J. H. Goldsmith. He was entered in the 2:25 class, which was believed to be "fixed" for his benefit. President Campau declared all bets and pools off. The betting had been heavy, and $60,000 was estimated to have been involved. The last heat was a serious one for Domestic. He cooled off too quickly and before the race was finished was sick with influenza. His complaint developed into inflammation of the "quick" of the forward feet. Suppuration began and the hoofs of the forward feet were taken entirely off, leaving the lamina exposed. For weeks Domestic lay in his stall with his feet tied up in cotton. The care that was taken of him will be better understood when it is known that his owner has a standing offer of $10,000 for him, and would not have taken $20,000 before his sickness. He can stand now but a few minutes each day, and it will be a year before any attempt will be made to put him in training. It is very doubtful though if he ever regains his speed, or fully recovers from effects of his long illness.

New Detroit and Chicago Line.

On November 13th a new line of Pullman cars was established between Chicago and Detroit, in both directions, by the Chicago and Grand Trunk and Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railways, via Durand.

Train leaves Detroit at 8 p. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:10 a. m. Breakfast served in dining car before reaching Chicago.

A fine of modern Pullman sleepers have been assigned for this service, containing all the latest improvements for comfort and convenience, and the fact this will be the only line of Pullman cars between the two cities mentioned, will no doubt make it extremely popular with the traveling public.

There is also a good connection between the two cities on the day trains of these lines.

The Farm

Chinch Bugs.

A correspondent of the *Western Rural* says:

I have been a close observer of chinch bugs for the past eighteen years and think I know something of their characteristics and habits. First, they are a bug and not a beetle. A beetle can dig in the ground. A bug cannot dig, but must crawl, or work itself down into and between the cracks of seams and interstices made by the lumps, until they get to the roots of the growing plant, where they feed. And here too, is an important fact. The female lays her eggs at the point of the kernel where the sprout comes out; that is, upon spring sown grain. Upon winter grain the bugs crawl down between the sprouts of the grain as they grow, or spread apart, until they get down into, or near to the roots of the grain where they live, and where the female lays the eggs at and among the tender roots of the growing plants. What is the remedy? I said that they were bugs and could not dig, but must crawl or work their way down into and between the lumps, or into the seams made by the lumps until they get down to the kernel of grain. If the grain is all covered up and the lumps all mashed, the interstices all filled, they cannot get to the kernel or into the tender roots to lay their eggs, and consequently there will be no bugs. The best implement to do this crushing with, as I have found, is a plank or stick, made about eight feet long and about three feet wide upon the bottom, with a plank turned up in front to run easily upon the clods or lumps. The stick will crush the lumps if not too dry more fully than a roller, and still, too, it draws the dirt somewhat and fills the hollow places and all the tracks made by the team. If the lumps are left to to harden a roller will have to be used.

The second characteristic of the bugs is that there are two broods in a year. After the female lays her eggs, the coupling time past, the old bugs die. They give their young no further parental care than to place them where they can most easily get their living, right at the point of the kernel, or near to the kernel, at the most vital point in the growing plant where they can most easily get their living. Thus we see the wonderful instinct of the bugs as shown by their placing their young where they can most easily live. The third characteristic is that they are suckers and not chewers. That is, they suck their food through a bill like a mosquito or fly. The young bugs thrust their little bills through the tender bark of the roots and suck the sap or juice from the roots, and that, too, from the most vital point in the growing grain. When the grain is ripe or dead they can find no further food in the grain, and the corn furnishes the most inviting food, and, as a consequence, we find them crawling from the wheat fields to the corn, and that too, before the bugs have wings. Here is an important fact about these bugs. They do not couple until they have wings, and if there is a thick mat of young clover growing in your grain, you have made the conditions unhealthy for them while trying to live in your grain, by keeping the land damp and moist. All persons must have observed that the bugs will be killed, or greatly lessened by heavy rains. The rains shut the seams so the bug can get no air, and they are drowned or suffocated. So, too, the clover shading over the ground keeps the land moist; as also the salt and plaster.

When the bugs have wings from the spring laying, they know nothing about line fences, and here is the great trouble in this business. In every community there will be some shiftless man who will not do the work to prevent the bugs laying their eggs, and his bugs can come to your field of corn and lay their eggs, and thus you will have to stand the loss of his shiftlessness. This business must be co-operative, and every farmer must not only protect himself, but by doing so he helps protect his neighbor as well. The spring is the time to head them off. If we can prevent their laying their eggs there will be no bugs to go the corn in the fall or late summer.

Winter Dairying.

A seasonable topic just now, says the *American Dairyman*, is that of winter butter making. Much has been written about it, and still much remains to be said in its favor. Acknowledging that it has its hard points, and to the man who has not the proper appliances is just about impossible, still there are few farmers not so situated that with a little ingenuity they can at least make a good start at it, for it is one of those occupations that need not be gone into with a rush. Indeed it is far better to go slow and make the change gradually, in order that all things may be made to work harmoniously.

The first thing is to have the dairy implements and cow stables adapted to cold weather work, and then the feed must be on hand, and lastly but not leastly, the cows must be fresh or nearly so. The market will generally take care of itself, for under the present state of affairs there never is an over supply of good butter in winter.

This fact should be the great incentive to the progressive farmer for changing from summer to winter dairying, and inspire him to double exertion in trying to adapt his herds and buildings to meet this never failing demand for a fresh article. It may be, perhaps, too much to ask of the old dairyman, who has been all his life plodding along in the old system of summer work, to make a sudden or even a gradual change, for farmers are by habit of a conservative nature and are extremely hard to induce to make experiments; but for a young man who is just starting in life and has the prospects of a long future before him, we can imagine nothing more full of promise than a well regulated winter dairy.

His summer can then be occupied with accumulating the material in the shape of cow provender for the winter's work, while if his buildings and dairy implements are adapted to the work, it is just as comfortable to handle the cows in cold as warm weather, when the flies do not bother and the milk works more kindly.

The great bugbear of artificial heat for the cows and the cream can be overcome with modern appliances much more easily than is generally thought, while the trouble of changeable temperature is in cold weather reduced to a minimum.

Making Cream Churn Easily.

A lady friend, an experienced and successful butter maker, thus explains how she makes the butter come quickly as cold weather approaches. She keeps the cream crock in the cellar as cool as possible, and as the natural result it is too cool for good butter making. If the cream is directly heated over the fire it is apt to make soft butter, as every housewife know. What she does is to take a quart or a little more of sweet milk, heat it quickly over the fire, and then mix it with the cream already in the churn, adding enough to bring it up to the right temperature. The butter comes very quickly by this method, and is not made soft late in the season. It is not a plan so well adapted to butter making in hot weather, for then the cream, unless kept on ice, usually needs no warming. Some use hot water instead of milk, but the advantages of the latter is that the warm sweet milk imparts a better flavor to the butter and greatly improves the buttermilk, besides of course, making more of it.

There is probably only a very small increase of butter that comes directly from the heated sweet milk. Possibly this furnishes no butter; but it does separate the butter particles more perfectly from the cream than it is possible otherwise. The yield of cream and butter from milk should under most circumstances naturally increase in proportion to the milk as the amount of the butter is lessened. A farrow cow five or six months after calving gives less but richer milk than she does at first. But what avails this to the butter maker, if he or she cannot separate the butter from the cream in which it is enclosed. Adding warm sweet milk seems to entirely remove this difficulty, and has many other incidental advantages.

Winter Care of Tools.

Did any one ever see a farm with too much shed room? Vehicles, tools and implements accumulate on every farm homestead, the storage-room has to be continually increased, or else something must be left out in the weather. Shed-room is too valuable to be filled up with trash, and this is a good time to do a little sorting. If an implement is worth keeping at all, it is worthy of shelter; if not worth a place under cover, it should be divided between the wood-pile and the box or heap of old iron.

As winter approaches it is true economy to overhaul the farm machinery, clean it up and see that all is properly housed. Running a wagon, a mower or a harrow out into the sun, on some fine morning in November or December, let a dry cleaning be first in order. This can be done very well with the stump of an old broom, although there will be corners and cracks from which the mud or dust must be scraped with a sharp stick or old case knife. This done, it will often appear that a thorough washing will better clean both wood and metal; if so, wash by all means, and give time to fully dry. Every implement thus prepared by cleaning should be well coated with oil before final storage for the winter. When oiled, the parts should be quite dry, and a sunny day is preferable. The cheapest and most satisfactory oil for this purpose is heavy, crude petroleum. With a pot of this oil and an old paint brush, coat every portion of both wood and metal. All rust is arrested, and the oil is almost equal to a coat of paint for the wood-work of farm tools. In this and numerous other ways I find crude petroleum very useful on the farm, and always like to have it on hand. Bought by the barrel, it can be got for seven to ten cents a gallon, freight included, plus the barrel, which can be used, when empty, in so many ways that it is well worth all it costs.—*American Cultivator.*

Stacking Clover Seed.

T. B. Terry says he has tried almost every way of storing clover that is to be threshed for seed. If put into the barn he finds the dust and dirt so outrageously bad that it is almost unbearable. He prefers the clover in stacks out doors, and details his method, which he gives more to incite others to give their way than because he considers it the best. Mr. Terry says:

"Clover that is ripe will not shed water and would be poor stuff to stack. I have known farmers to stack seed clover and have it wet clear through, so that it could not be hulled until it was frozen hard in the winter, and then it was a bad job. My way is to build what clover I want to into a stack, rounding the top up well, but not finishing it. The bottom of the stack is made small, and then the clover is gradually laid out, as we go up, so it will settle over nicely. The next step is to go to the barn and get about half a load of straw. While my man is loading, I sprinkle with a garden sprinkler each layer on the wagon. This makes it much nicer to top out a stack with, particularly if the wind blows.

Having got the wet straw to the stack, we begin by putting a layer around the rounded up top, as far down and over as we can make it lie. Then the next layer is laid half over this one and whipped down, and so on to the top, which should have several thicknesses of straw. Four strings of binding twine are then thrown over and weights tied to the ends, and the stack is safe. I never had one wet at all through the straw. The straw can be throw off on a wagon when you wish to hull the clover, and taken back to the barn. To keep the clover safely costs only the use of the straw and a few minutes' work to each stack. When thus covered it will keep just as well as in the barn.

Now, whether to hull the clover in the fall or wait until cold weather, is one of the points I would like to know about. I have tried both ways. It is generally thought that one will get the seed out more thoroughly to wait until cold weather. Isn't this because the clover has not been kept perfectly dry? If it is as dry as it can be, won't it yield as much seed in mild weather in the fall? I cannot see but that it is taken out just as clean then. If sure of perfectly dry, bright weather, one could hull right from the field and save stacking, but there is most too much to risk usually, and then I will take more help. Two men are enough when the clover is stacked as we had it, to get it to the huller.

There are many ways of cutting the clover. Mine is with a mower. The headlands are cut and the clover moved with a fork, so as not to turn around on it. Then it is raked with a horse rake, in such a way as to shell as little as possible. Then it is drawn to the stack. We let it lie flat until ready to stack; prefer to get it wet flat rather than in the windrow. When it is perfectly dry we get it up. Some old growers say it is better to let it lie around and rot for some time. It will hull easier thus treated, but I do not believe I would get any more seed. What is the opinion of others on this point? I want to do the best way, when I am certain which that is. The huller men said I would not have as much seed because I did not rot it, but when the clover began to run they called me loudly. Wondering what was up, I ran to the fanning mill. "See there!" one of them says, "I never saw clover run such a stream in all my life." Every twelve minutes a bushel came out. Now which was right about the rotting?

Rice Corn.

A correspondent of the *Kansas Farmer* says:

Rice corn has been grown in Stafford County for eight years. It grows about five feet high, has a head something like some varieties of sorghum, only more oval in shape, and more compact. The grains are somewhat larger, and are white, when boiled look like rice. The heads turn down, the crook in the stalk being just below the head. It matures or ripens about like sorghum. The process of gathering would be similar to that of gathering cane heads. It is gathered, thrown into heaps, and threshed like other small grain. Twenty bushels to the acre would be a heavy crop. Cultivate about like sorghum. It makes fine feed for fowls, in fact is good feed for stock generally, but it is too tedious to handle on a large scale. People in this country do not cultivate it any more except for fowls. I see many exaggerations about this crop. The above facts are all there is to it. I know both by experience and observation.

Bran on the Farm.

Professor Brown, of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Can., recently summed up the usefulness of bran to farmers, after having carefully considered its chemical composition:

1. Bran is a concentrated food, which, though variable in composition, possesses high nutritive value.

2. Roller process bran is, on the average, richer than old process bran.

3. Its excess of ash or mineral matters fits it for bone building in growing animals, and for supplementing the lack of mineral matters in roots.

4. Its chemical composition points to the conclusion that it is somewhat better adapted to the formation of fat and production of heat than to the formation of muscle or of milk.

5. Both its chemical composition and its physical form adapt it admirably as a supplementary food to be used in connection with poor and bulky fodder as straw and roots.

Agricultural Items.

REPEATED PLOWINGS, except during very wet weather, will exterminate quackgrass.

PARSNIPS, for feeding purposes, are about equal to carrots. There is not much demand for either for that use.

PROF. FORBES says the chinch bug cost the State of Illinois $50,000,000 last year, and the United States $150,000,000.

A KANSAS farmer raised a mangel wortzel measuring two feet five inches in length, as much in circumference, and weighing 34½ pounds.

THE "Christmas beef" is, unfortunately, apt to be quite too fat for profitable consumption. There is too much tallow and too little eatable meat.

THE Kansas *Farmer* prophesies that sorghum culture will become a general industry in that State; now sugar-making has become practicable. But the *Farmer* holds out no brilliant prospects of high prices to the growers.

THE *Farmers' Advocate* don't take much stock in the "record boom," which credits cows with such extraordinary yields of milk and butter. When cows give pure cream the editor of the *Advocate* says he will "join the procession," not till then.

THE *Country Gentleman* says: "When chess is shaded or partly smothered by a dense growth of wheat, the plants are quite small and unseen; we have measured them only two inches high, ripening single seed, and quite unseen by most observers. But where the wheat is killed in any way and the chess is allowed free space, the plants spring up and grow luxuriantly."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Tribune* says that was a curious bargain a farmer made with a laborer, to dig his potatoes for "one potato a hill." Of course this contract did not confine the laborer to a selection from each hill, so he took the largest wherever found. These averaged about half a pound in weight, and as there was 4,000 hills to the acre, his share was just one ton, or 33⅓ bushels, and at 60 cents a bushel they amounted to $20. He dug at the rate of one-fourth of an acre a day, making his daily wages $5. It took over one-fourth of the crop to pay him.

THE *Husbandman* deprecates the folly of trying to keep cattle on straw alone in the first half of winter. Then is the time when they must have full vigor preserved to enable them to go safely through the latter half. Of course they should be well fed from beginning to end of winter, but if there must be pinching by all means let it come at the end when grass is near and recuperation possible. With hay and straw in equal supply at the beginning of winter not one of them would think of feeding out the straw first. It may be presumed that every one would give a light feed of hay in the morning, then straw in suitable supply through the day and a second feed of hay at night. This on the supposition that nothing more was to be given. But a better way would be to give some grain. Wheat bran with hay or straw is better than either alone. With good clean straw and liberal rations of wheat bran cows, if dry, may be kept almost as well as on good hay.

One Cent Invested

in a postal card on which to send your address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will, by return mail, bring you free, particulars about work that both sexes, of all ages, can do and live at home wherever they are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Some have earned over $50 in a single day. Capital not required; you are started free.

Horticultural.

PEAR BLIGHT.

BY J. C. ARTHUR.

No introductory description of the disease called pear blight (*Micrococcus amylovorus* Bur) or fire blight, is needed in order to distinguish it or call it to mind. For nearly a century it has been the most prolific theme for discussion by horticultural writers and speakers among the whole range of plant malalies. Horticultural societies have talked themselves weary over it, and editors of horticultural periodicals have found it necessary to put a brake on the blight writers. The Western New York Horticultural Society several years ago passed a resolution that the subject should not be discussed in its meetings unless there were new facts and additional information to be given. The acting president of the American Pomological Society once cooled the ardor of discussion on this subject by observing: "I confess I have nothing to say except what is pure speculation, and I have got tired of speculation and of hearing it on this subject."

One need not be at a loss to account for this perennial activity. The warm and repeated discussion which the subject has received is evidence in itself, and corroborates the fact that the disease is a serious evil, while the failure to reach conclusions that a majority can subscribe to shows how obscure and beyond ordinary scrutiny the cause lies, and how even to trace external changes in the course of the disease has taxed the full powers of observation. It was with some appreciation of the intricate nature of the problem that different societies at various times offered, or talked of offering, prizes for the discovery of the cause of the disease and of a remedy. They often contented themselves, however, with the appointment of a committee from their own number, with instructions to study up the matter and report at a subsequent meeting.

How the cause of blight was finally discovered by Prof. T. J. Burrill, and additional verification worked out by the writer, need not be narrated here; it is much more to the point to state the results and practical deductions, and leave the steps by which they have been reached to be learned by reference to the original publications.

The cause of pear blight, as established by the last seven years of research, is connected with the activity of germs, and the malady belongs to the category of germ diseases, now definitely proven to occur both among animals and plants. The germs causing blight are of extreme tenuity; they are borne from place to place and from tree to tree by the atmosphere, which is never so quiet but that its movements are sufficient to keep such impalpable bodies afloat. Upon the germs finding entrance to the juices of the plant the disease is set up in a more or less virulent form.

At the present time it is very well understood by all that bacterial germs are in the greatest abundance everywhere, and we may well inquire why all trees, at least all pear trees, are not speedily exterminated.

The chief safeguard from such a calamity is the fact that but one specific kind of bacteria (named *Micrococcus Amylovorus* Bur.) is able to thrive in the tissues of the pear tree, and in consequence all other bacteria, whatever may be their capacity for inciting disease in other plants or animals, are debarred and harmless so far as the pear tree is concerned. Why it is that this one kind can successfully overcome the forces in the tree and break down its structure is not definitely known, but it is usually accepted that the acidity of the plant juices, being in general unfavorable to bacterial development, but not affecting this species, is to be accounted one reason, although it may not be the principal one.

Knowing that but one kind of germ can set up the disease, it becomes evident that its discontinuous appearance in the same locality is explainable on the same grounds that govern epidemic diseases of animals. It requires a conjunction of favorable circumstances not likely to be maintained long at a time, to permit maximum development, thus giving rise to occasional severe visitations, with intermediate years of feeble manifestation or total disappearance.

It is also found by means of inoculation tests that not all trees are susceptible to this disease, but only those embraced in the Pome family, such as the pear, apple, crab-apple, quince, hawthorn, and several other thorns, mountain ash, &c., and of these the pear is so much the greatest sufferer that the disease is usually called pear blight, although the descriptive term fire blight is also in common use.

Besides the safeguards already mentioned, each tree is shielded against the invasion of germs by a dry cuticle or bark which envelops the aerial portion, and when fully mature and unbroken proves an effective barrier. As the roots are protected from air infection by the soil, the tree in winter, under ordinary circumstances, is abundantly guarded at every point. In summer, however, the leaves, with their innumerable open stomata and tender watery tissues, would naturally be supposed to offer ample opportunity for the entrance of germs from the air, if such came in contact with them. It is a curious fact, however, that has yet received no explanation, but which is substantiated by both experiment and observation, that the blight bacteria will not grow in the leaves, whether naturally or artificially introduced, the death of the leaves on a blighting tree is brought about by want of nourishment, the supply being cut off when the conducting power of the limb on which they are seated is destroyed by the disease.

While the tree is well protected over most of its surface, there are, nevertheless, certain vulnerable points, and none more so than the inside of the flower cup. The surface at the base of the styles is moist and uncuticularized, and the germs which touch it are securely held, find no difficulty in penetrating and developing in the soft tissues of the thickened base of the flower, and by passing along the pedicel convey the disease to the twigs and branches. The short period that the flowers are open is enough to seal the doom of many limbs, and even whole trees. The symptoms of the disease are not observable for days, and frequently the first knowledge of impending danger is seen in the blackening leaves near the flowers. If an early examination is made, the dead flowers, or flower-sets, no larger, or but little larger than when they first opened some time before, will usually be sufficient evidence, if taken in connection with the time that has elapsed since flowering and with the present development of the foliage, to show that the germs passed in through this channel. We have in this fact a satisfactory explanation of the common observation of orchardists that trees are far more likely to succumb to the blight when they come into bearing than at any previous time.

Another vulnerable point for the attack of blight is at the growing tips of the branches, or at any point where there are developing buds. At such places the tissues, including the epiderm's, are tender and filled with nutrient sap, while the outer surface of the organ is not yet cuticularized and rendered impervious. As the shoot ceases to elongate and approaches maturity the chances for infection become less and less. The early part of the season is consequently the most dangerous part, and allowing for the incubation period, during which the disease is inconspicuous, its strongest manifestation naturally falls in June and July. As the growth at the extremities is more vigorous or more protracted the possibilities of infection are correspondingly increased, and a "growing season" is likely therefore to be a blight season. A connection between immaturity and blight has long been suspected, but explanations of the matter have hitherto been erroneous.

Besides the two vulnerable points already mentioned, there may now and then be another, brought out by cracking or other injury of the bark, and occurring on any part of the tree, but more commonly on the trunk. Through these cracks, however minute, the germs gain access to the interior of the tree, and the disease is started. The after progress is usually slow, on account of the solidity of the tissues, and progressing about equally in all directions, forms a patch of dead bark, which becomes dry and hard, often somewhat sunken, and usually separated from the living bark by a well-defined outline or crack. Such injury is commonly known as sun scald, and has been specially studied by Prof. Burrill, to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of its origin. The spots occur most abundantly on the southwest side of the tree, being the side which is most affected by the heat of the sun. The cracks through which the germs first gain access are the result of the drying out and contracting of the bark, and in so far the injury is due to the sun, although in no sense a "scald." Blight upon the trunks and larger limbs is also often contracted from small short spurs with a few leaves, which admit the germs at the time the spring growth is taking place.

PREVENTIVES AND REMEDIES.

Whatever form pear blight assumes, it is started by germs gaining access to the tree in one of the three ways described—through the flowers, the growing shoots, or injuries of the bark. No method is known or has yet suggested itself of rendering the tree insusceptible to the disease, and a direct prevention must be sought in some means excluding the germs. There are three ways by which germicides may be applied to trees—by fumigation, by spraying, and by washing. The first method offers a possibility of at least partial success, and appears to be the only means by which one can hope to protect the flowers.

The trials made so far have been with sulphur mixed with lime, and applied as a wash to the trunks. It is claimed by careful orchardists that the odor of the sulphur can be detected for weeks after treatment, and that it has proved satisfactory in warding off the disease. Whether more thorough and extended experiments will substantiate this conclusion, or show that the supposed immunity comes from other and accidental causes, there is no firm basis for an opinion.

Spraying offers little more hope of success than fumigation. The under surfaces of the flowers are so well protected by the stamens and other organs that the antiseptic used does no service. The growing shoots have their tenderest parts partially protected with the terminal cluster of leaves, and a fresh surface is continually forming which it would be hopeless to expect to keep fully disinfected. An experiment tried during last season in spraying with a solution of hyposulphite of soda, applied several times during the period of expansion of the buds, gave no evidence of beneficial effects.

The application of washes cannot, of course, be made to the flowers or growing shoots, but excellent results may reasonably be expected when made to the trunks and larger branches. Sufficient study has not yet been given to the matter to say what will prove the most effective application, but linseed oil has been advocated as forming an elastic coating, and to it might be added some sulphur, and at least one per cent of carbolic acid. This would seem to answer every requirement for an antiseptic, and for the exclusion of atmospheric germs from the cracks in the bark. To decrease the amount of cracking the body of the tree may be shielded from the sun's fiercest rays by a low trimmed head, or by leaning the whole tree toward the southwest, or by boards, matting, or other protection, on the sunny side of the trunks.

Among the indirect methods of fighting the disease none are more important than those which secure slow growth and early maturity of the shoots. This has been recognized from the first agitation of the subject, but until the present time there has been no unanimity of opinion as to the exact objects to be accomplished. From the preceding account it is apparent, however, that the chief aim should be to keep the amount of tender shoots at a minimum, in order to diminish the chances of penetration of germs, and to make the tissues as solid as possible, as the progress of the disease and the chances of its entire cessation are in inverse ratio to the succulency of the parts attacked.

The means for producing uniform growth and early maturity which have found favor from time to time are various, and their value for special cases are usually conditional. One of the most general applicable methods is to convert the orchard into permanent meadow after the third or fourth year from setting, to be treated with an annual dressing of chemical fertilizers or a moderate application of stable manure. Experience shows that this method considerably reduces the percentage of blight while maintaining fruitfulness at nearly or quite the usual standard. The cultivation of some crop during the season, such as oats or buckwheat, is less effective. Restricting pruning as much as possible has some value. Root pruning has been warmly advocated, but is only advisable when there is strong probability of a severe attack of the disease, and is not applicable to all situations. Certain varieties, *e. g.*, Duchess and Seckel, are less injured by the disease than others; and the selection of varieties in their relation to the disease is therefore to be borne in mind.

Of genuine remedies there are none; but as the disease is local, and spreads though the tissues slowly, it is possible, as has long been known, to effectively check its progress by amputation. The smaller limbs are to be cut off a foot or two below the lowest manifestations of the disease, and the spots on the trunk and larger limbs are to be shaved out, cutting deep enough to remove all discoloration. A careful operator will keep the knife disinfected with carbolic acid or otherwise; if this is not done the disease will be conveyed in a small percentage of instances to the freshly cut surface, necessitating a subsequent incision. The beneficial effects of this treatment are least apparent during periods of epidemic, when the tree is attacked at almost every vulnerable point. At such times a more radical method has been found serviceable, which is to cut off the whole top to within a foot or two of the ground. It can be practiced to advantage upon trees that are as much as ten years old, or even older.—*Report of Department of Agriculture for* 1886.

Care of Frozen Plants.

When by any mishap the plants, whether in parlor or greenhouse, become frozen, either at once remove them (taking care not to touch the leaves) to some place warm enough to be just above the point of freezing; or if there are too many to do that, get up the fire as rapidly as possible, and raise the temperature. The usual advice is to sprinkle the leaves and shade the plants from the sun. We have never found either remedy of any avail with frozen plants, and the sprinkling is often a serious injury if done before the temperature is above the freezing point. In our experience with thousands of frozen plants, we have tried all manner of expedients, and found no better method than to get them out of the freezing atmosphere as quickly as possible; and we have also found that the damage is in proportion to the succulent condition of the plant and the intensity of the freezing. Just what degree of cold plants of any given condition can endure without injury, we are unable to state. Plants are often frozen so that the leaves hang down, but when thawed out are found to be not at all injured. At another time the same low temperature acting on the same kind of plants may kill them outright if they happen to be growing more thriftily, and are full of sap. Much depends on the temperature at which plants have been growing; for example, we find, if we have a warm spell in fall when, for a week or so, the temperature has been at sixty-five or seventy degrees at night, with ten to fifteen degrees more in the open air, that a slight frost will kill or greatly injure such half-hardy plants as carnations, geraniums, or monthly roses; but should the weather be such as to gradually get colder, so that the temperature has been lowered twenty to twenty-five degrees, a slight frost then coming will do little or no injury to such plants. When the frost is penetrating into a greenhouse or room in which plants are kept, and the heating arrangements are inadequate to keep it out, the best thing to do is to cover the plants with paper (newspapers) or sheeting. Thus protected, most plants will be enabled to resist four or five degrees of frost. Paper is rather better than sheeting for this purpose.—*American Agriculturist.*

Economy in Cutting Timber.

Speaking of the waste in cutting down timber, the *American Cultivator* says:

In this country, even with the rare and valuable woods, we leave a large unsightly stump, often the most dense and beautiful part of the tree. Generally speaking, the roots of these trees are not widely divergent nor extremely thick, and it is strange the woodsman insists on cutting off so far above ground.

Apropos of this may be mentioned a little experience of the writer: Two years ago in the usual run of business, an old woodlot came into my possession. One part of this was the remnant of an old walnut forest, being thickly studded with stumps from three to four feet high, and literally strewn with tops and limbs from a foot in diameter down to four inches.

Some of these were quite lengthy, but the larger ones were of course, crooked and scraggy. To make a long story short, these stumps were all grubbed out, the tops all trimmed, and the entire lot taken to the mill near by, the result being the interior of a new house was almost entirely finished with walnut.

All the stationary stands, book-cases, wainscotting, stairs, balustrades and the like, besides much of the furniture, was made from this walnut slash, besides which 4,000 feet of beautifully grained lumber for special purposes was gotten out, which netted $37 per 1,000 feet.

This $150 more than covered the cost of clearing, hauling and sawing, leaving the field perfectly clear and nearly ready for the plow.

Of course the field was a good one; but, all things considered, I venture the assertion that the aggregate profits from the slash and remains were greater than from the original forest; for the lumber from this particular field was sold in a bunch, mill run, for $25 per thousand, and, including first cost of the land, nearly three-fourths of this price must have been exhausted before the lumber was ready for market, proving conclusively that the lumberman of eight years ago did not hew close to the line.

Whether he has learned to hew any closer may be demonstrated by visiting any section where trees, even the more expensive, are being cut. The stumps and tops still cumber the ground, while the manufactories are continually making small pieces from the plank sawed long and wide, whereas the tree would go a great deal farther, and the results would be as good or better, by working up closer and down lower, making many shorter cuts, but producing much handsomer grain, as demonstrated in the foregoing.

Cocoanuts.

Cocoanuts are the fruit of the *Cocos nucifera*, or cocoanut palm tree, which grows abundantly in most tropical countries, it is from fifty to sixty feet in height, its simple column-like stem being crowned with a beautiful plume of feathery leaves from twelve to fourteen feet long. The nuts grow in several long clusters depending from the base of the leaves; they are about the size of a man's head, the thin outer rind covering a large mass of fibres, which are used in many countries for the making of mats, cordage, and coarse sail-cloth. Within this fibrous coating is the shell of the nut, which is oval and very hard, and often serves for a drinking cup. The kernel is firm, white and pleasant; the interior hollow, and filled with sweet milky juice; when unripe, it is entirely filled with this juice. The cocoanut palm abounds in the East Indies, throughout the Pacific, and also in the West Indies and South America. On the Malabar and Coromandel coasts of India immense groves may be seen. In Ceylon, which is peculiarly well suited for their cultivation, it is estimated that twenty millions of these trees are growing. Here it stands at the head of all trees in its usefulness to man, every particle of stem, leaves and fruit being put to use, and the Cingalese love to repeat to strangers the hundred uses to which they apply it. The following are only a few of the countless uses of this invaluable tree: The leaves, for roofing, for mats, for baskets, torches or chules, fuel, brooms, fodder for cattle, manure. The stem of the leaf, for fences, for pingoes (or yokes) for carrying burdens on the shoulders, for fishing rods and innumerable domestic utensils. The cabbage, or cluster of unexpanded leaves, for pickles and preserves. The sap, for toddy, for distilling arrack, and for making vinegar and sugar. The unformed nut, for medicine and sweetmeats. The young nut and its milk, for drinking, for dessert; the green husk, for preserves. The nut, for eating, for curry, for milk, for cooking. The oil, for rheumatism, for anointing the hair, for soap, for candles; and the poonak, or refuse of the nut, after expressing the oil, for cattle and poultry. The shell of the nut, for drinking cups, charcoal, tooth powder, spoons, medicine, hookahs, beads, bottles and knife-handles. The coir, or fibre which envelops the shell within the outer husk, for mattresses, cushions, ropes, cable, cordage, canvas, fishing-nets, fuel, brushes, oakum, and floor-mats. The trunk, for rafters, laths, railing, boats, troughs, furniture, fire-wood; and when very young, the first shoots, or cabbage, as a vegetable for the table.

No Danger from Use of Arsenites in Orchards.

Prof. A. J. Cook, replying to some erroneous statements relative to the danger of using Paris green as an insecticide in orchards, writes thus reassuringly in the *Rural New Yorker*:

More than 16 years ago, in 1871, having demonstrated the value of Paris-green in destroying the potato beetle, I set about to study the matter in relation to the safety of its use. I applied to potato-vines all the Paris-green I could without killing them—much more than would be necessary to destroy the insects. I also spread the poison on the ground under the vines. The plants were watered and well cared for, and in autumn or late summer, the foliage and tubers were both carefully analyzed by Dr. R. C. Kedzie, and not a trace of the poison was found in either. Here, then, the matter was crucially settled by a method strictly scientific, and not by simple assertion.

Six years ago, in 1881, after finding that the arsenites—I prefer London-purple and so I have used that most, although Paris-green serves well—were wonderfully effective in resisting the ravages of the coddling moth, I prepared to investigate the question of safety in its use. First, let me add, that it should never be used on the trees while they are in blossom. This is too early for the coddling moths, and there is danger of poisoning the bees, which are the pomologist's best aids just at this time. Hence the argument, or assertion, rather, about the blossoms is of no interest to us, even were it true, which is far from probable. I treated a branch of an apple tree so thoroughly, and with such a generous supply of poison, that I blighted the foliage. I used far more poison than was necessary or desirable in simply fighting the insects. I had a purpose in this as will be seen. About the middle of August I cut a funnel-shaped piece at the calyx end of each fruit from one hundred of the apples, where this concetrated mixture was applied the previous June, and a thorough analysis of the pieces was made by Dr. Kedzie. The same operation was repeated, but not the slightest trace of poison was found in either case. Hence we know that the above assertions are simply not true.

The value and safety of this remedy are demonstrated alike by scientific method and by practical use. No man can wisely use London-purple in his orchard in June without receiving immense benefit. It only remains to be said that the mixture should be applied early, before the larvæ enter the apples. If not done till the apples are as large as the end of one's finger, it will be too late. The right time is just after the blossoms have fallen, when the fruit is not larger than a small pea. The second application three weeks later will make the work more efficient, but even one application is astonishingly effective. It is also best to use a very weak mixture; one half pound of the poison to one hundred gallons of water is enough. Then we can make the applications so thorough that every apple will receive some of the poison. In large orchards the Field force pump is invaluable. This is operated or moved by power from the hind wheels which connect by gearing with the pump. Thus by urging the horses to a rapid walk, and passing on each side of the tree—that is, passing up and down in each space between the rows, both ways, north and south, then east and west—the work is made very thorough and is quite inexpensive.

Horticultural Notes.

THE Cape Cod cranberry crop is, after all, nearly equal to last season's crop, which was unusually large.

AN Indiana man who has just fruited his Kieffer pear says he could not tell which it most resembled in flavor, a cabbage, pumpkin or green cucumber.

THE *American Cultivator* says the russet apple makes the best cider, worth at least two cents per gallon more than that made from other varieties of apples.

M. MILTON, of Ohio, says careful selection is probably more necessary with cauliflower than any other vegetable. Extra cultivation is necessary for this crop; it is a ravenous feeder, and does best on soil naturally moist.

IN Kansas, the Ben Davis and Missouri Pippin constitute about three-fourths of the product of the winter fruit. The fruit of these is showy, sound and salable. One may offer far better apples but people will take the showy ones.

PROF. BAILEY, of the Agricultural College, says that he has cared for an orchard set 25 years ago that was almost a failure. The first thing he did was to till it thoroughly, but mostly from the bottom; then plow; then scrape the bark. The second year he again trimmed and plowed, and the third year it had an immense crop of apples.

THE splitting of the bark on the trunks of apple trees near the ground is occasioned by severe freezes early in the fall, while the trees are yet in leaf and the sap in motion. As the injury is rarely noticed until spring, it is generally supposed to occur in the winter. There is no practical way of preventing this kind of injury to orchards and nurseries.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Monthly* says he has saved many a hundred trees, especially evergreens, by heeling up, covering with a light covering of sackcloth; in three days or a week and sometimes two weeks, according to how the weather would be, the trees had made small roots about half an inch long; then he knew the trees had regained their strength to grow, and he planted on a cloudy day or in the evening, and seldom lost a tree thus planted.

A WITTY Missourian who can make fun of his calamities, says, *apropos* of his low-headed orchard: "An apple tree, like a Saratoga belle, will not live without a trunk. No tree should be headed under five and a half feet and spreading growers six to seven feet to admit of cultivation beneath. The finest apple trees I have ever seen were ten to fifteen feet to the first branch, pointing fifty feet heavenwards and capable of bearing 100 to 150 bushels of fruit. The first to give up the ghost with me were the lowest, and the best now have the largest trunks. Eternal vigilance and a sharp knife is the price of borers. I've washed, cut and probed for them until my pants' knees were worse worn than a Methodist preacher's. I've tried soft soap and find it succeeds better with some people than with worms. I've tried many mixed washes—the knife is the only cure. Once lodged under the bark nothing will remove them but a supple back, an iron will and a sharp knife."

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NEW ADVERTISEMEN

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There are many other styles. If these don't suit you, ask to see them.

A STRONG BLANKET IS MADE LIKE FIG. 2. Fig. 1 Shows Why Blankets do Not Wear Well. Fig. 2 Shows Why 5/A Blankets Will Wear Well. Not enough Warp Threads. Plenty of Warp Threads. If you Want Strength look for this 5/A Trade Mark

None genuine without this 5/A Trade Mark sewed on the inside of the Blanket. [Copyrighted 1887.]

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Depot foot of Third street. Ticket offices, 66 Woodward avenue, corner of Jefferson avenue, Merrill block, and at depot. All trains arrive and depart on Central Standard time.

Chicago Trains.	Leave, going west.	Arrive, from west.
New York Limit'd Exp.	§1.30 p m	§10.45 p m
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Pacific Express	§9.55 p m	§10.50 p m

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New York & Boston Ex.	§12.05 p m	§5.30 p m
Special New York Exp.	*7.15 p m	§8.05 p m
Limited Express	§10.55 p m	§1.05 p m

§Daily. *Except Sunday. †Except Saturday. ‡Except Monday.

CHAS. A. WARREN, City P. & T. Agt. O. W RUGGLES, Gen'l P. & T. Agt. Nov.20, 1887. Detroit. Chicago, Ill.

Lake Shore & Mich. Southern R'y.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago & Cincinnati Express	7:30 a m	6:40 p m
Chicago, Toledo & Cincinnati Express	6:10 p m	10:15 a m
Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo & Columbus Express	2:45 p m	5:25 p m

The 5:25 p m train will arrive, and the 2:45 p m train depart from the Third street depot. Other trains will arrive and depart from the Brush street depot. The 2:45 p m train leaves daily; all others daily except Sunday.

Up-town ticket office No. 66 Woodward Ave. cor. Jefferson, Merrill block.

Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee.

Depot foot of Brush Street. Trains run by Central Standard Time. In effect Oct. 2d, 1887.

	Depart.	Arrive.
*Morning Express	6:50 a m	12:00 n'n
*Through Mail	10:20 a m	4:50 p m
Grand Rapids Express	4:30 p m	9:45 a m
*Chicago Ex with sleep'r	8:00 p m	8:00 a m
†Night Express	10:55 p m	5:20 a m

* Daily, Sundays excepted. † Daily. [illegible] days excepted.

Trains leaving Detroit at 6:50 a m, 4:30 and 8:00 p m connect at Durand with trains on Pt. Huron & Chicago & Grand Trunk R'y for the east and west.

Night Express has a Wagner Sleeper from Detroit to Grand Rapids.

Chicago express has Pullman elegant sleepers to Chicago.

Sleeping car berths can be secured at G. T. R. Ticket Office, Corner Woodward and Jefferson Avenues, and at Depot foot of Brush Street.

W. J. SPICER, General Manager, Detroit. E. H. PIERCE, City P. & T. Agent, Detroit.

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The Soo-Mackinaw Short Line. Only direct route between the East and South and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Time Table. In effect June 19th.

West, Read Down.			East, Read Up.		
†A M.	†P. M	Leave	Arrive	*A. M.	P. M.
8 35	5 40	Detroit	11.00		9.10
7 05	4 10	Port Huron	11 00		10 10
†P M.	*A M.			P. M.	A. M.
10 45	6 50	St. Ignace	8.30		5 30
8 00	1 00	Marquette	2 05		10 00
8 33	1 45	Negaunee	1.35		9 15
8 42	1 54	Ishpeming	12 50		9 05
11 45	5 25	Houghton	8.00		4 15
8 14	6 34	Calumet	8 05		4 15
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.		P. M.

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MICHIGAN FARMER,

—AND—

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MICHIGAN FARMER AND STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

DETROIT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Postoffice as second class matter.

THE "HOUSEHOLD."

IN subscribing with agents for the FARMER you should be particular to state to them whether or not you wish the HOUSEHOLD supplement. Complaints frequently come in that parties do not receive it, and it invariably turns out to be the result of a misunderstanding between the agent and subscriber. The price of the FARMER alone is $1 25 per year, and of the FARMER and HOUSEHOLD $1 50 per year.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 113,064 bu., against 153,905 bu. the previous week, and 250,513 bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 52,936 bu. against 102,102 bu. the previous week and 86,014 bu. the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 796,068 bu., against 754,562 bu. last week and 1,780,342 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on Nov. 26 was 39,361,799 bu. against 38,871,956 the previous week, and 59,572,078 for the corresponding week in 1886. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 489,853 bushels.

The past week has been an exciting one in the grain trade. Wheat was especially active, and displayed more buoyancy than at any time since the Chicago "corner" broke in June last. The advance on spot wheat has ranged from 3¼ to 3⅝c, and on futures the gain has been about the same. The market weakened a little on Friday afternoon, opened quiet on Saturday at a decline, but regained the loss before the close. The sales for the week of spot and futures aggregated 2,213,000 bu. against 1,597,000 bu. the previous week. Chicago was firm and active on Saturday, with the advance then about the same as in Detroit. New York closed higher on Saturday than on the previous day, after considerable fluctuation in values.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from Nov. 10th to Dec. 3d, inclusive:

	No. 1 White.	No. 2 Red.	No. 3 Red.
Nov. 10	80¼	77¾	75
" 11	80¼	77½	75
" 12	81¼	77½	75
" 14	82	78⅛	75½
" 15	82½	79	77
" 16	83½	80¼	....
" 17	83	80¼	....
" 18	82½	80	....
" 19	82½	80	....
" 21	81¾	81¾	76½
" 22	81	81½	76½
" 23	81½	81¾	....
" 24	....	....	....
" 25	81¾	81⅝	....
" 26	81¾	81¾	....
" 28	81¾	81¾	....
" 29	81¾	81⅝	....
" 30	82	82⅝	....
Dec. 1	83¼	84	78
" 2	85	85	....
" 3	85	84½	....

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various deals each day of the past week were as follows:

	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	May.
Monday	81¾	83	....	88
Tuesday	81½	83½	....	88½
Wednesday	82	84¼	84¼	89⅝
Thursday	83¼	85¼	....	90¼
Friday	84⅜	86¼	....	90⅞
Saturday	85	....	....	91¼

The Minneapolis *Market Record* states that the nearly 30,000,000 bu. of wheat received in that city and Duluth during the last three months is just about half the receipts at those points during the whole of the cereal year following the crop of 1886. And the surplus remaining in first hands does not appear to be any larger than that of a year ago. Some people think it considerably less. The Chicago *Tribune* commenting upon this says that this way of looking at the matter suggests the possibility of much better prices next summer if not now. Certainly if the old world should want very much more there would be room for a brushing out of bins in order to get enough for domestic and foreign consumption.

Undoubtedly the strongest argument in favor of the advance in values was the unexpected smallness of the increase in the "visible supply." King, of Toledo, had figured out an increase of a million and a half of bushels, whereas it did not amount to half a million. The receipts are decreasing at all points and we look for the decrease to continue for a time.

Reports from Russia say that at Taganrog, Nov. 19, the weather had become dangerously cold, threatening navigation. At Konigsberg, Nov. 18, navigation was closed for sailors. The Odessa market, Nov. 12, was firm but quiet, exporters buying only to complete cargoes shipped from store. Rye and maize were scarce. Receipts of

ing

The almost features in remarkably rapid of flour from Bombay, where process mills have been established. These mills not only meet a large local demand, but furnish large amounts for export.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending Nov. 26, 1887, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 100,000 bu., of which 80,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 20,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cabled, amounted to 380,000 bushels, of which 140,000 went to the United Kingdom and 200,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments from April 1, 1887, which was the beginning of the crop year, to November 26th, have been 22,940,000, including 11,860,000 bushels to the United Kingdom, 11,080,000 to the Continent. The wheat on passage from India Nov. 15 was estimated at 1,632,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 5,424,000 bu.

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	38,871,956
On passage for United Kingdom	11,728,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	1,464,000
Total bushels Nov. 19, 1887	52,063,676
Total previous week	50,958,887
Total two weeks ago	48,992,574
Total Nov. 20, 1886	80,487,351

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending November 26 were 33,600 bu. less than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks ending Nov. 12 the receipts are estimated to have been 1,150,008 bu. more than the consumption. The receipts show an increase of 2,081,528 bu., as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1886.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was quoted firm, with fair demand. Quotations for American wheat are as follows: No. 2 winter, 6s. 9d. per cental; No. 2 spring, 6s. 9d.; Club, 6s. 10d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 8,173 bu., against 13,300 bu. the previous week, and 81,615 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the week were 80,753 bu., against 50,635 bu. the previous week, and 12,600 bu. for the corresponding week in 1886. The visible supply of corn in the country on Nov. 26 amounted to 6,101,832 bu. against 6,570,884 bu. the previous week, and 11,123,025 bu. at the same date in 1886. The visible supply shows a decrease during the week indicated of 469,052 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 28,705 bu. against 78,043 bu. last week and 59,528 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. Corn has developed great strength during the week, and while the market closed quiet on Saturday, it was only a little below the highest points reached and values were firmer. Spot No. 2 is quoted at 53c per bu., some sales being made early in the day at 53½c; No. 3 sold up to 52½c, and then dropped back to 52c; a sale of No. 3 white corn was made at 52c. At Chicago the market closed on Saturday with the advance of the early part of the week fully sustained. Reports of greater damage than had been previously reported were brought up from Southwest Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska by parties traveling through those sections. They say hogs are also a short crop. The effect is to inspire a belief that prices all around are going to be higher. Spot No. 2 is quoted there at 49⅝c, December delivery at 49⅝c, January at 49⅞c, and May at 55c. By sample, 49½@50c for No. 2 yellow, 48½c for No. 3 yellow, 49@49⅜c for No. 2, and 48@48½c for No. 3. On Saturday the London market was quoted active, with prices higher than a week ago. At Liverpool corn was firm with a fair demand. The following are the latest cable quotations from Liverpool: Spot mixed, 5s. 0½d. per cental; November delivery at 4s 11d.; December at 4s. 10¾d., and January at 4s. 10d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 16,639 bu., against 2,956 bu. the previous week, and 32,069 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 12,874 bu. against 1,549 bu. the previous week, and 19,557 bu. for same week in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on Nov. 26 was 6,468,758 bu., against 6,468,368 bu. the previous week, and 5,255,282 at the corresponding date in 1886. The visible supply shows a decrease of 29,610 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 23,681 bu., against 29,712 bu. the previous week, and 21,055 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. Oats have held their own the past week, and closed on Saturday at about the same range of prices as quoted a week ago. No. 2 white are quoted at 34½c per bu., light mixed at 32½c, and No. 2 mixed at 31½c. The Chicago market closed on Saturday with a steady feeling, and prices on both spot and futures higher than a week ago. The advance in corn is helping oats. No. 2 mixed spot are quoted there at 29¾@30c, December delivery at 30c, January and May at 33⅛c. Sales by sample were on the basis of 30c for No. 2 mixed, 31@33c for No. 3 white and 32@33c for No. 2 white. The New York market is undoubtedly active and higher than a week ago. Quotions in that market are as follows: No. 2 white, 37@38c; No. 2 mixed, 36c; No. 3 white 35½@37c. In futures No. 2 mixed for November sold at 35@35½c, December at 36½c and May at 37¾@38c. Mixed western are quoted at 36@39½c, and white do at 39@42½c per bu.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market remains quiet but steady, and there is nothing new to say in regard to the situation. Choice dairy grades continue scarce, and when they are to be had command prices somewhat above quotations. The range of prices is 14@16c for medium grades of dairy, 17@18c for choice, and 19@20c for extra selections. Creamery is hardly as firm as a week ago, and is quoted quiet at 24@25c per lb. The make of butter continues large in this State, judging from receipts, which are fully up to the requirements of the trade except in the single instance of really fine samples of dairy. At Chicago the week closed with choice stock higher than a week ago. Buyers object to the extreme prices demanded for fancy brands of creamery, although all sweet makes of both dairy and creamery are readily disposed of when they can be purchased within 24@28c. The shipping movement was fair, while local trade was quiet. Quotations were as follows: Fancy Elgin creamery, 29@30½c per lb; fine Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois do, 24@27c; fair to good do, 17@22c; low grades, 14@15c; fancy dairies, 22@25c; fair to good do, 16@20c; ordinary do, 12½@14c; common and packing stock, 12@12½c; roll butter, 15@17c; grease, 6@8c. The New York market is in much the same condition as our own. Strictly fine goods are scarce and firm, while other grades are weak and irregular. The *N. Y. Daily Bulletin* says of the market:

"Strictly fancy table grades are scarce and wanted at very firm prices, and there is an increasing demand for low grades when of good boring quality, but medium to simply good quality of butter, which comprises the bulk of the supply is ruling slow and irregular. Very little fancy creamery arriving, the bulk of receipts lacking body and showing frosty flavor, and while fancy Iowa, &c., would bring 29@30c readily very few are salable above 24@26, and good fresh is offering at 21@23c and selling slowly. Fancy Elgin is quotable at 31@32c, and fancy Pennsylvania 30@31c. State creamery in small supply, but mostly poor and offering in range of 20@25, though fall tubs occasionally reach 26@28c, possibly 29c for exceptional Iowa. Western creamery has an occasional sale but generally quiet. State dairy plenty, mostly of simply good, sound quality, and dragging; fine fresh tubs sell readily, and fancy dairies are taken for the fresh ends. High grades of Western imitation creamery, dairy and factory are in good demand and firm, and low grades have a fair inquiry, but medium quality rather slow."

Quotations in that market on Saturday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.

Creamery, State, pails	20	@25
Creamery, State, tubs	20	@29
Creamery, Penn., fancy	30	@31
Creamery, Elgin, fancy	31	@32
Creamery Western, fancy	29	@30
Creamery, prime	25	@28
Creamery, good	22	@24
Creamery, fair	17	@18
Creamery, Western, June	17	@22
State dairy tubs, fancy	25	@27
State dairy, tubs, good	22	@24
State dairy, tubs, fair	19	@21
State dairy tubs, ordinary	17	@18
State dairy, Welsh, tubs, prime	22	@23
State dairy, Welsh, tubs, fair to good	20	@21
State entire dairies, fancy		@23
State entire dairies, prime	21	@22
State entire dairies, fair to good	19	@20
State dairy firkins, good to prime	20	@22

WESTERN STOCK.

Western Creamery, fancy		@31
Western imitation creamery, choice	22	@24
Western do, good to prime	19	@21
Western do, ordinary	15	@16
Western dairy, fine	20	@21
Western dairy, good	16	@18
Western dairy, ordinary	14	@15
Western factory, fancy	22	@23
Western factory, current make, prime	19	@21
Western factory, ordinary	14	@16

The exports of butter from Atlantic ports for the week ending Dec. 3 were 211,060 lbs., against 85,639 lbs. the previous week, and 204,954 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1886 were 570,059 lbs.

CHEESE.

There is no change to note in the situation so far as this market is concerned. Quotations here are 12@12½c for full cream Michigan, 10½@11c for Ohio and 12½@13c for New York. Good to choice skims are quoted at 9@10c per lb. It was generally expected that with December prices would probably advance a little, and this expectation has been realized at Chicago, but at the east stocks are large enough to prevent any material change in that direction for the present. At Chicago during the week full creams have met with a fair share of attention, but low grades and skims were neglected. No active export demand has yet appeared, and the general market for cheese continues quiet though steady. Quotations were as follows: Choice full cream cheddars, 11@11½c per lb; flats (2 in a box), 11½c; Young America, 11½@12c; low grades, 6@9c; skims, choice, 7@9c. The New York market

The New York market shows little change in its position. The *Daily Bulletin* says:

"Matters generally remain just about the same as previously noted, and we are unable to draw out a single new feature. From the fancy stock dealers are distributing a little on home account, and on small orders make 12c but the latter as yet is only a jobbing quotation and cannot be fully recognized as an established figure. Exporters do not seem to be interested to any extent, and so far as we can learn are unwilling to exceed 11½c. They will, however, give some attention to under priced goods, with ideas fixed at about 11c for the faulty creams and light skims, and 8c as a top on the fuller State skims, though exceptionally doing a trifle better, one lot changing hands to-day at 8½c. Pennsylvania skims keep sold down pretty closely and are valued at former figures. No new developments in regard to stocks."

Quotations in that market Saturday were as follows:

State factory, fancy, fall-made	11¾@
State factory, choice	11⅝@11⅞
State factory good to prime	11 @11½
State factory fair	10¼@11¼
State factory ordinary	9¾@10¼
State factory, light skims, fine	9 @ 9½
State factory, part skims, good	8 @ 8¾
State factory, part skims, fair	7½@ 7¾
State factory, skims, ordinary	6 @ 7
State factory dead skims	3 @ 5
Ohio flats, fine	11½@11¾
Ohio flats, ordinary	10 @11¼
Pennsylvania skims	1 @ 2

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 37,579 boxes against 39,417 boxes the previous week and 36,874 boxes the corresponding week in 1886. The exports from all Atlantic ports for the week were 5,322,790 lbs. against 2,720,647 lbs. the previous week, 3,503,288 lbs. two weeks ago, and 2,263,951 lbs. the corresponding week in 1886.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was steady, with American cheese quoted at 59s. per cwt., the same price as quoted one week ago.

Mons. J. Baptiste Le Fevre, of France, who has been in this country over a month on a business tour, returns home to-day by the Cunard steamer. We are informed that he has taken good orders to supply our mills with ring waste. *Bon voyage.—U. S. Economist.*

Yes, this Frenchman was visiting the United States for the purpose of studying out how he could beat the government out of its revenues and injure wool-growers by surreptitiously working a high grade of scoured wool through the customs department at the low rate of duty levied on "waste." If Congress attends to its business in due season Monsieur Le Fevre may find he has not struck such a bonanza as he at present anticipates.

WOOL.

Quietness still rules in the wool markets of the east, but with a substantial improvement in the record of sales in the leading markets. There is also a firmer feeling among holders, based upon an improved inquiry from manufacturers and the reports received of the London wool sales. At these sales nothing is being taken for America, and at the present range of prices there is not likely to be any. The wool offering is not up to the mark in quality, and parcels suitable for the American trade are few and are being actively competed for by Continental buyers.

It is reported that fine merino of good quality has advanced ½d. during the past week, which precludes American purchases. In its review of the trade the past week *Bradstreet's* trade circular says:

"A considerable amount of wool is going into consumption week by week, and the markets have a moderately firm tone. There is no change in quotations. As the time for beginning the work on heavy goods approaches an increase in demand is naturally expected, and, as prices are already low, dealers show great confidence. Buyers also manifest less timidity than during the summer and autumn. Weak holders now and then grant concessions for the sake of realizing, but apart from this operations have a steady basis. Purchasers in the main are still confined rather closely to near-by requirements. The London sales are meeting with a good attendance, and there is active competition for the more desirable selections. This has resulted in increasing strength. At certain times the situation abroad would be reflected in greater firmness on this side, but just now there is little response in the domestic market."

At Boston there are no changes to note beyond an increase in the demand for stock from manfacturers and a firmer feeling among holders. Prices are virtually unchanged, and are below what stocks could be replaced for from the country. There is a fair request for fine Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, and Michigan wool shows a stronger tone. There is something doing in Texas product, and the sales of Territory stock have been liberal. The Boston *Journal* of Friday last says of the market:

"The demand for wool from manufacturers has been good the past week and shows considerable improvement in both foreign and domestic grades. The transactions of the week amount to 2,653,800 pounds. There is no material change to notice in the general tone of the market. There is considerable difference of opinion among dealers in regard to the future, but all seem to agree that the present conditions are more favorable than previously reported. No higher prices can be obtained, and as long as this is the case the trade is considered unsatisfactory, as the margin of profit is small, and in most cases the sales made net a loss to the owner. While this is so, it is also quite evident that the wool cannot be replaced by purchases in the interior, as at points of production supplies are held higher than on the seaboard for similar wools."

Foreign wool is held firmly owing to scarcity. This is especially the the case with fine Australian. Some sales of River Plate wools are reported at Boston at somewhat better rates.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* of Saturday says under the head of prospects and prices:

"Ohio fleeces are quiet. There seems to be very little inquiry for good straight Ohio XX which at 32c or 68@70c clean is certainly not expensive, according to standards of prices hitherto prevailing. There is but little movement of X fleece. Medium wool is relatively in better inquiry, as it has been from the opening of the season, and prices are very steady.

"Michigan fleece is moving steadily and there is demand for almost every grade at a price. Michigan X has been mostly moved at 29c which must be given as the ruling quotation to-day in this market. Michigan No. 1 sells readily at 35c. There has been more or less careless throwing of No. 1 and any piles running somewhat to low X are difficult to move at anything above that figure. The scoured basis is 55@57c.

"Combing and delaine are alike in light stock and exceedingly firm. All sales made are at full quotations. The stocks of ¼ and ⅜ blood wool are particularly light.

"Texas wools are about steady. At present the market in San Antonio is rather dull though considerable wool has been taken at 15@16c. The freight rate from San Antonio is $1 20. Business here is extremely moderate. Sales of spring wool are liberal at the low quotations ruling.

"Territory wools are moving at very low prices. The sales of fine medium Utah wools on a basis of 49½c the scoured pound form as last week a considerable portion of the total."

A cable report of the London sales on Saturday says:

"There was a large attendance at the wool sales to-day. The competition was keen and the market was firm, with a general advance. The present series of sales will close on the 10th inst."

Reports from Moscow speak of considerable sales of Russian wool for the United States, while sales of low grades of Angora and Aleppo wools are reported from the Marseilles sale.

Current quotations for leading descriptions are as follows in comparison with last year:

	Dec. 3, '86.	Dec. 2, '87.
Ohio and Pennsylvania X	34@35c	31@32c
Ohio and Pennsylvania XX	36c	32c
Ohio and Pennsylvania XX and above	36½@37½c	32@33c
Michigan X	32@33c	29½@30c
Fine Ohio delaine	36@37c	35@36c
No. 1 combing	39@41c	38@40c
Texas spring, 12 months	23@26c	16@22c

QUITE a number of farmers in the southwestern portion of this State are husking their corn this fall with a threshing machine. The concave is lowered and the machine thrown "wide open," and the corn fed into it stalks and all. The grain comes out shelled, and the stalks are cut into shreds, in which shape cattle are said to eat them up clean. The trouble with the process is that the farmer must have a good place to store the grain after it is shelled, so as to allow of its frequent stirring while drying out, or it will heat and ferment. With a couple of thousand bushels of shelled corn to look after it strikes us a farmer would have his hands full, and his barn floors also. It is doubtful if this system is an economical way of handling a corn crop when all sides are duly considered. The condition of the stalks after passing through the machine is undoubtedly better for stock than if husked by hand.

VAN BUREN COUNTY had a vote on the liquor question on December 1st under the local option law, and decided against whiskey by nearly 3,000 majority. The town of Paw Paw, where our correspondent A. C. G. lives, gave only 30 votes for whiskey. A. C. G. was undoubtedly working on the temperance side, as we know he has strong convictions on this question.

IN REPLY.

We do not often pay any attention to anonymous communications, but we publish the following received the past week:

ALBION, Nov. 26th, 1887.

Messrs. Gibbons Bros., Detroit, Mich.

Your paper is more a drover's paper than a farmer's. If you can't give the name where the stock is shipped from, we can't take your paper any more.

We are at a loss to know just what the party is trying to get at. If he will write again and explain himself fully we may be able to retain him as a subscriber. How the question of where the stock comes from that is sold in our market should affect the farmer who reads the reports we cannot see; or why the omission should make a drover's paper of it is beyond our perception. If the gentleman refuses to patronize papers that do not publish where such stock comes from, what paper will he take? We would like to have him visit the Yards here and try to figure out where the stock sold really came from. We tried this at one time, but found we could get only a portion of it and then not always correctly, as frequently cars are loaded at two stations. We take more time and trouble to give our readers a correct market report than is expended by all the other Detroit papers put together, and if the party at Albion thinks that we do not give him full value for his $1.50 there is no law in the country which will compel him to renew his subscription. So far as the drovers are concerned we have many warm friends among them, their only objection to us being that we keep the market a little higher than is profitable for them. We have always claimed that the drover is entitled to a fair remuneration for his work and the risks he has to take, and no fair-minded man we think will object to this. And right here we want to say that since we commenced reporting for the FARMER in 1873, there have been more failures than successes among the drovers. The number of farms buried in the Detroit Stock Yards since that time would cover an extent of territory that would surprise our readers, and if in one body would form the garden spot of Michigan.

Albion Farmers' Club.

The next meeting of the Albion Farmers' Club will be held in the Y. M. C. A. hall, Albion, on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 10, 1887, at half past one o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

Instrumental music, Miss Rena Babcock; prayer; general routine of business; instrumental music, Miss Mary Church; essay, Mr. James Cunningham; select reading, Mr. D. A. Shaffer; recitation, Miss Mary Bradley; music, song, by the club; question for discussion, "Would it be of advantage to the farmers of this vicinity to form an association towards holding a fair," opened by Mr. H. H. Garfield; question box. All farmers and farmers' wives invited.

J. FRANK CHURCH, Sec'y.

New York State Merino Sheep Breeders' Association.

The ninth annual meeting of the New York State American Merino Sheep Breeders' Association will be held in Rochester, at the Whitcomb House, Tuesday and Wednesday, December 20 and 21, 1887.

J. H. EARLL, Secretary.

IN the reports of sales of thoroughbred cattle in Scotland the past year, it is stated that 708 Shorthorns were sold at an average of $88.26 per head, and 831 Aberdeen-Angus at $83.36. In 1882 the average realized on Shorthorns was $126.28, and for Aberdeen-Angus $304.53. The drop on the black muleys since 1882 has been a severe one, especially when it is remembered, taking friend Auld's word for it, that this is "the breed that beats the world."

Canadian Dairy Products for 1887.

From the Montreal Gazette.

Full returns of the exports for the season of 1887 are to hand, and although revision may make a slight change, it will not be of consequence. The total as shown is very close to 1884, which was the banner year, and certainly represents the greatest value to the country, being far ahead of any other item in the list of exports, as we have previously demonstrated by official figures. The total exports amounted to 1,103,143 boxes, against 891,965 in 1886, 1,076,601 in 1885 and 1,108,447 in 1884. The exports in 1874 were 329,252 boxes. Now that the season is over, the question arises, what are the stocks? The quantity here is variously put, and any figure given now would be ruthlessly disputed. It is well, however, to call attention to the fact that the exports since Oct. 24 foot up 186,800 boxes, of which 48,900 were on through shipment, leaving 137,900 boxes shipped from Montreal. This indicates that the stock in Montreal is not so large as some would make it, for as it is certain that that quantity has been shipped, it is equally certain that that quantity has not been received since Oct. 24. Therefore, it necessarily follows that the stock has been reduced, and if it now amounts to the large total mentioned by some, the stock a month ago must have been very heavy. These figures will probably check the ardor of the bear estimaters. In our opinion, the stock of cheese in Montreal is less than 75,000 boxes; but of course this is merely an estimate, and will be subject to modification as soon as the froth of the statistical fiends has evaporated. West of Toronto the outside estimate is 140,000 boxes, and east of Toronto, outside of Montreal, 15,000 boxes. These figures give a total of 230,000 boxes as the supply of Canada; but as the October make has been light, it looks as if the ultimate result would materially reduce that total. At present, however, all figures given must be taken with some reserve, especially when they represent a heavy total. The following table, expressly compiled for the *Gazette*, shows the exports of dairy produce from Montreal during the season of navigation:

	Butter. pkgs.	Cheese. boxes.
1887	60,346	1,103,143
Through	17,938	391,058
1886	54,263	891,995
Through	16,851	340,534
1885	66,545	1,076,601
Through	25,416	440,020
1884	108,137	1,108,447
1883	92,764	859,612
1882	64,620	677,211
1881	130,481	551,847

MEDINA FARMERS' UNION.

For the Michigan Farmer.

MEDINA, Nov. 30, 1887.

The Medina Farmers' Union met to-day at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Lewis, some 75 in number. The latch-string was out as usual, and there was ample room for ourselves and teams. The meeting was called to order by the president, and after a piece of music articles of association were presented by a committee appointed to draft them at our last meeting. After slight changes they were adopted.

The programme was then taken up, the first thing being a discussion, "Merinos vs. Mutton Breeds," led by C. S. Blanchard, who said all kinds of sheep were good property, but he preferred the mutton breeds; thought they were as ready for the butcher at nine to twelve months as Merinos at three to four years of age; said many of the mutton breeds were producing good fleeces at the present time. Quite a discussion followed, Merinos having the preference. Dinner was then announced and I can truly say that all took an active part. The next subject, "Which is the best crop for the average farmer in this vicinity?" was opened by C. A. Jewell. He gave itemized accounts kept with wheat, oats, timothy and clover. Clover for hay and seed had paid best, oats took second place, timothy third and wheat last. It cost him $16 per acre to put his threshed wheat in the granary, and this year 20 acres lacked $92 of paying expenses. The discussion which followed showed that the wheat crop was uncertain and paid the least. I believe the majority conceded corn to be the king of grains, as it can not only be converted into bread, but into beef, pork, wool and mutton; in fact could scarcely be dispensed with.

P. W. Lewis then arose and said in thinking about the subjects to be discussed it had occurred to him that perhaps there was one crop that would not be discussed, therefore he had penciled down some ideas that occured to him the evening before, which are as follow:

"It seems that this subject has been pretty thoroughly ventilated, and so it has. But there is one important crop of the farm that has been overlooked or passed by in this discussion, and that crop is brains. They are found upon the farm almost growing spontaneously; but for want of care and cultivation they are like unto a blade of corn which springs from the grain when planted in the warm, rich soil and peeps from the ground with the assurance of a vigorous, useful life, but for want of care and proper cultivation it becomes a puny, sickly stalk, finally withers and dies without bringing forth the rich grain, the purpose which nature had germinated it for. With proper brain culture our legislative halls, both State and national, would be largely represented by men from the farm, who would look after the interest of agriculture and labor, and prohibit the minority from grinding down and over-burdening those who till the soil with unjust taxation that the few may live in wealth and luxury at the expense of the many. Now who is it that as a rule fill offices of public trust? They are filled by professional men, bankers, millionaires, etc. It is because the best brain and intellect has flown from the farm and gone into those professional and financial channels? Or is it because we as farmers devote far too much of our time to the cultivation of the various products of the farm, thereby dwarfing and starving our intellectual abilities?

But in this age of progress and improvement, books and papers are being scattered broadcast over the land, lodging at the doors of nearly every farm house. With granges, farmers' clubs and farm institutes springing up all over the land, I think I see in the near future men and women who live and work upon the farm just as intellectual and capable of solving the great problems of life as can be found among the professional classes.

Farmers are told by professional men and public speakers that it needs bone and sinew to become good farmers. So it does. But it needs in connection an active and cultured brain to guide the muscular powers if we as farmers would be successful in our vocations and surroundings. Cultivation of the brain not only improves our financial circumstances, but also improves our social enjoyments with our families, friends and neighbors. It makes better husbands and wives, better sons and daughters, neighbors and acquaintances. Strong, well cultivated intellects disperse brute force and bring out those higher objects for which man was created. In conclusion, brother farmers, our calling is a noble one; let us strive to keep it so; be upright and intelligent and honest, and persevering in what we have to do."

The next subject was "What is the most profitable stock for the average farmer in this locality?" discussion led by G. D. Moore. He said he did not believe in making a specialty of any one thing, but thought grade Merino sheep paid the best, and believed in keeping some of all kinds. Said it was necessary to keep up a rotation of crops. Said next to sheep thought keeping cows paid best. Talked about sheep and cows, as he had more experience with them than with other stock. Thought 12 sheep would consume as much as one cow. A long discussion followed by O. E. Green, Rogers, Jewell, Blanchard and others.

Mrs. L. M. Gallup then read an essay, "How to keep the boys at home," containing many useful and valuable hints to parents. In fact it was instructive and well received.

Then Mrs. Chas. Gallup gave a select reading in conjunction with the essay, which made it more impressive than ever. After some music the Union adjourned to meet at the home of O. E. Green on or about the second week in January, 1888.

A MEMBER.

Stock Notes.

MR. WILL H. ALLEN, of Danby, Ionia Co., has just returned from Canada with 58 head of Lincoln sheep. He says his stock ram now weighs 307 lbs., and last spring sheared 17½ lbs. of clean unwashed wool.

MR. THOMAS MITCHELL, of Caro, Tuscola Co., who is doing missionary work for the Shorthorn in that County, reports the sale to Mr. Maurice Washburn, of Juniata, of a young bull, Duke of Caro 69115, dam Helen of the Glen (Vol. 32, p. 772), by Duke of Wellington 80467, and tracing to imp. Tulip by Bachelor (1666). Mr. Mitchell reports this as a very fine animal individually.

MR. RICHARD WRIGGLESWORTH, of East Cohoctah, Livingston Co., reports the following sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To E. King, Cohoctah, the cow Snowdrop (Vol. 23 p. 18073), by Sam Tilden 36931, dam Queen 5th by Duke of Lucknow 38476.

To A. C. Marshall, Corunna, Mich., heifer Cohoctah Queen by Custer Lewis 62157, dam Snowdrop as above. Also her young bull calf sired by Red Duke (Vol. 33).

Mr. Wigglesworth also reports the following sales of Suffolk hogs:

To Robert McKinley, Deerfield, Livingston Co., one boar.

To Mr. Reed, Oceola, Livingston Co., one boar.

MR. J. F. RUNDEL, of Birmingham, Oakland Co., reports the following sales of sheep from his flock of Shropshires:

Geo. H. German, Franklin, Mich., seven ewes, Nos. 167, 170, 100, 131, 81, 36 and 182.

Benj. Horne, Tiffin, O., eight ewes, Nos. 86, 127, 164, 141, 163, 703, 89 and 174.

J. D. Cass, Beloit, Wis., two ewes (imp.) Nos. 89 and 114.

C. W. Richenbach, Apple Creek, O., one ram lamb No. 178.

Benj. Horne, one imported ewe No. 172.

Edward Buck, Danbury, O., three ewes Nos. 67, 46, 714, and ram lamb No. 180.

Daniel Foley, Mount Salem, Mich., one ram lamb.

T. S. Williams, Royal Oak, Mich., one ram lamb.

MR. GEORGE H. GERMAN, of Franklin, Oakland Co., reports the following sales from his flock of Shropshires since September 1st.:

J. Durkee, Birmingham, one ram lamb.

W. W. Adams, Franklin, one ram lamb.

J. Wilcox, Franklin, one ram lamb.

J. F. Rundel, Birmingham, one ram lamb.

F. P. German, Franklin, one ram lamb.

H. Rundel, Pontiac, ten ram lambs.

Mr. Wilber, Kansas, two ewes and one ram lamb.

D. Bingham, Franklin, ten breeding ewes.

D. Broughton, Franklin, five breeding ewes and one ram lamb.

B. H. Horne, Tiffin, O., three ram lambs.

VALENTINE BROTHERS, of Dexter, Washtenaw Co., report the following sales of registered Shropshires from their flock since August 15th:

C. Wood, Brighton, Mich., twelve (unregistered) ewes. Also two imported ewes (registered), bred by C. P. Falkner, Wolverhampton, England.

Isaac Terry, Dexter, Mich., ten ewe lambs.

Phil. Roper, Green Oak, Mich., three ewes and two ewe lambs.

Bert. Freeman, Henrietta, Mich., one ram lamb (registered).

Mr. Call, Ingham Co., Mich., one ram lamb.

Geo. Shults, Milan, Mich., two ram lambs.

C. Gauntlett, Milan, Mich., two ram lambs.

R. Fletcher, Ypsilanti, Mich., two ram lambs.

W. E. Blaisdell, Pine Lake, Mich., one ram lamb (registered).

W. Reade, Webster, Mich., ten ewe lambs.

P. Dickerson, Ypsilanti, one ewe and two ewe lambs.

H. M. Twamley, North Lake, two imported (registered) ewes, bred by E. Instone, Wenlock, England.

Mr. Ward, Dexter, one ram lamb.

Bert. Smith, Salem, Mich., one ram lamb.

F. Litchfield, Webster, Mich., one ram lamb.

A. H. Whipple, Dansville, Mich., one ram and three ewes.

John Walsh, Webster, Mich., three ewe lambs (registered), four ewe lambs (unregistered) and seven breeding ewes.

B. W. Viles, Flat Rock, Mich., one ram lamb.

Isaac Bennett, Green Oak, one ram lamb.

E. Fields, Green Oak, one ram lamb.

Wm. Martin, Webster, Mich., one yearling ram.

George Merrill, Webster, Mich., one yearling ram.

B. Kenny, Webster, Mich., one yearling ram.

J. Steadman, Gregory, one yearling ram.

R. Butler, Hamburg, Mich, one ram lamb.

O. Grisson, Hamburg, Mich., one ram lamb.

M. Ayres, Pinckney, Mich., one imported (registered) ewe bred by E. Instone, Wenlock, England.

J. Beach, Green Oak, one breeding ewe.

E. Dancer, Dexter, one ram lamb.

C. Lemen, Webster, two ewes.

In a note accompanying their report of sales the Messrs. Valentine say: "At the fairs nine head of ram lambs were sold to parties whose names we neglected to get. The demand for this class of sheep in our locality is increasing fast."

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

The Richmond creamery made 103,000 lbs. of butter from May 1 to Dec. 1.

The treasurer of Kalamazoo County has gathered in $16,000 in liquor taxes.

Monroe is quite a market for dressed swine. Five carloads were shipped from there last week.

A Humane Society with 83 members and $150 in the treasury, has been organized at Lansing.

Lawsuits don't discourage the editor of the Holly Advertiser. He is out with another 14 page issue.

Birmingham boasts a 13 years old girl who weighs 209 pounds, and grows at the rate of 34 pounds per year.

An infant child of John W. Brooks died in this city last week, from eating some patent pills which it found.

Three weeks ago the Y. M. C. A. in this city was $37,000 in debt for its new building; now it owes about $1,500.

Farmers living in the vicinity of Charlotte are going to boycott firms who will not provide hitching-posts for their accommodation.

E. B. Walworth, of Dover, Lenawee Co., raised 600 bushels of onions on 1¼ acres of land, for which he received 65 cents per bushel.

Perry Allen, of Mundy, Genesee County, has invested in a new wire and picket fence machine, and a Flint firm is making 1,000 of them for him.

The Maple River Farmers' Club has secured one of the institutes to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture and is happy.

Hillsdale County is becoming celebrated for its big calves. A Reading butcher lately put on the market a seven months' calf that dressed 500 pounds.

Three new buildings are to be erected at the Agricultural College, a dormitory, horticultural laboratory and department building, at a cost of $30,500.

Hudson has a club of ten members who call themselves the Thanksgiving Club, and give $5 each at Thanksgiving to aid the destitute families in town.

The fourth anniversary of the Crouch murder, which came on the 22nd ult., reminds us that that bloody tragedy is still wrapped in as much mystery as ever.

Merrill, a town of 700 inhabitants in Saginaw County, has 50 flowing wells which afford an abundant supply of pure water from a depth of from 29 to 85 feet.

Ann Arbor had 1,000 inhabitants in 1835; ten years previous it was a "howling wilderness." The first newspaper was issued Feb. 5, 1835, editor, E. P. Gardiner.

W. L. Hallister, of Battle Creek, ought to be happy though crazy. He thinks he is worth a million dollars. For this hallucination he has been sent to Kalamazoo.

Thomas G. Love has raised and sold from one rooster and three young hens, $15 worth of eggs and chickens, and has 21 pullets and 14 roosters left. They are of the Wyandotte variety.

Malignant diphtheria has broken out in the

tholic orphan asylum at Marquette. The ge number of children in the asylum and hool connected with it make the situation arming.

The Hopkins manufacturing company of ar Lake has been closed out on a mortgage d by R. G. Peters, of Manistee. Unsecured editors have made up their minds to lose eir investments.

The contractors at work on the Kalamazoo Hastings railroad have encountered three nk-holes which give them a good deal of ouble. They fill them up, but the bottom ops out every time.

C. R. Robinson, for many years a prominent resident of East Saginaw, died at Oakland, al., recently. In addition to the honors aid him in his native town, he had served a erm as mayor of Oakland.

The Flint Globe doesn't seem to have a ery high opinion of the "horse market" in at town; it speaks very disrespectfully of e spavined equines and "animated raguffins" there congregated.

The sword of Ethan Allen, worn when he manded the surrender of Fort Ticonderaga in the name of God and the Continental ongress," is in possession of a Lansing ergyman, Rev. Mr. Colby, who values it ghly.

Edward Aldritt, who worked just three ays in Fales' paper warehouse, in this city, umbled down the elevator shaft on Wednesay, and received injuries which caused his eath. He had been forbidden to use the evator.

The truancy law, enacted by the last Legisature, is a dead letter in most of the cities in e State. But the Lansing Board of Education proposes to enforce it in that burg, and e boys and girls who run away from school ll find trouble ahead.

At a recent meeting of the Schoolcraft Agicultural Society it was decided to dissolve e organization and dispose of the buildings. This step became necessary from the inability of the management to interest the people the exhibitions to a sufficient extent to ay expenses.

The Genesee Circuit Court recently found A. W. Hanmer, representative of the Ypsilanti Bohemian oats company, guilty of obaining the signature of Abram Pittsworth, f Atlas, to a note for the price of 20 bushels this seductive cereal, under false pretenses. he end is not yet, as Hanmer will appeal to he Supreme Court.

The site of the Central M. E. church at ansing has been purchased by F. L. Wagar, f Ionia, for $12,500. The lot is said to be he best business corner in the city, and it is robable it will be occupied by a building devoted to the worship of mammon as soon as hat at present occupied in the worship of he Lord is removed.

John Mack and F. W. Ernst, with their wives, who were recently arrested at Kimball, St. Clair County, charged with counterfeiting, were discharged in the Port Huron ourt at which they appeared, but at once taken charge of by a U. S. marshal who arrested them for the same offence, and in default of bail, returned them to jail.

Prof. Dickie, of Albion College, has been chosen chairman of the National Committee of the prohibition party, and guaranteed a salary of $4,000 for his services. Before accepting the place Mr. Dickie exacted a guarantee from all State representatives present that they would make no move looking to fusion with either of the other political parties.

Convicts in the Jackson prison contributed $125, and those in the House of Correction at onia gave nearly as much toward the establishment of a home or refuge for discharged risoners at Detroit, where they may find ork and lodging till they can be placed in ermanent situations. Mrs. d'Arcambal, ell known through her connection with rison work, is at the head of the movement.

Lapeer Democrat: Ole Peterson, of Elba, isses two shotes weighing about 125 pounds each just after threshing about three months ago, and concluded he was out that much pork. But last week as he was removing part of the stack he found the pigs, which were alive but principally hair and bones and almost too thin to cast shadows. By judicious feeding they were brought round and will yet meet the fate of all pork.

The Lapeer Democrat says Lapeer County is not to be counted out of the lumber business as yet by any means. A single firm has 1,800,000 feet, principally oak, which will be lumbered this year. The portable saw mill industry gives employment to about 300 persons in the county. The Democrat says: "The shingle mill, which began in the middle of good timber, has continued cutting both ways ever since, and now they are digging up the old stumps and converting them into lumber."

An awful accident occurred at Webberville, on the night of the 30th. Newell Tyler, intoxicated, attacked some boys who were laughing at his drunken condition, and fractured the skull of one of them. For this he was lodged in jail, which in a few hours was found to be on fire. When help came it was found to be impossible to rescue the unfortunate prisoner, who was burned to death in sight of nearly every person in town. It is believed Tyler fired the jail himself, hoping to escape. He leaves a wife and three children in destitute circumstances.

General.

San Francisco wants $850,000 for a postoffice site.

The national debt has been decreased $39,-45,684 since June 30.

Col. Hill, of Kalamazoo, wants to be postmaster at Washington.

Massachusetts has 15,435 persons employed in her fishing industries.

The canal at the "Soo" is closed for the season. No more navigation.

The people of the United States whittle up 8,000,000 lead pencils in a year.

Diphtheria is alarmingly prevalent in Montreal. There were 32 deaths in one week.

Prohibitionists hold their national convention at Indianapolis the first Wednesday in June, 1888.

Postage on government matter sent free through the mails would amount to $2,000,000 per annum.

Although Duluth has received 1,000,000 tons of coal, there is a shortage. The weather is cold up there.

The Standard Oil Company will not build a pipe line from New York to Chicago this year, as reported.

Just $22,303,279 worth of gold was coined by the government mints last year, and $34,-66,483 worth of silver.

Jacob Sharp, New York's great "boodler," has been admitted to bail in the sum of $40,000, and is now at home.

A Philadelphia pie factory makes 1,588,000 pies per annum. Yet Philadelphia is called the City of Brotherly Love!

The Mississippi river was frozen over at Lacrosse, Wis., last week, the earliest ever known for the closing of the river.

The United States has 55,157 postoffices; 1,543 new ones were established last year. There are 7,745 money order offices.

John Jacob Astor, fourth of the name, will inherit a fortune of $80,000,000 when his father dies. His business in life is to spend money.

The bronze statue of Garfield paid for by public subscription, was unveiled at Cincinnati last week, in presence of a large concourse.

Dr. Parker, of London, England, who delivered the eulogy on Beecher, received $700 for that effort. He says it cost him that much to do it.

An incandescent electric light of 100-candle power, 20 feet under water, illuminates it so that objects within a radius of 100 feet are plainly distinguishable.

Members of Congress are flocking to the capital; two-thirds of the members were on hand last week. It is the early bird that nibbles the ripest plum.

Chicago, Minneapolis, Omaha and Philadelphia are fighting for the next national Republican convention. Minneapolis wants it so bad she will give $50,000 in cash as a bonus.

Business failures during the past seven days number for the United States 215, and for Canada 29, a total of 244, as compared with 207 last week, and 242 the corresponding week last year.

A frozen water-tank in the kitchen of the Kirby House at Milwaukee exploded last week with terrific force, wrecking the room and killing one of the employes; ten others were more or less injured.

Ninety-five cigar factories at Havana closed last week because of the demand of the men for more wages, and 12,000 cigar-makers are out of business. They will try to settle the difficulty by arbitration.

It is conclusively proved that E. B. Harper, of the Fidelity Bank of Cincinnati, was the prime mover in the Chicago wheat corner which ruined his bank, his broker and everybody who had anything to do with it.

The cattle men of the ranges have resolved to profit by the lessons of the past and are preparing to feed their stock this winter. The old way of letting the poor beasts "rustle" for a living during winter has been found to be too expensive.

The boiler of an engine standing on a side track at East Mahoney, Pa., exploded while the crew of the train were waiting in the cab. Three men were instantly killed and two others fatally wounded. The cause of the explosion is a mystery.

Within the past year, the inspectors connected with the bureau of animal industry have inspected 15,387 herds of cattle, containing 117,480 animals and found among them 798 herds infected with pleuro-pneumonia, in which 2,235 animals had the disease.

Mrs. Fritz, an elderly German woman, is in jail at Wausau, Wis., charged with setting fire to a house in which Carl Honikel and his family lived. Honikel and his four children were burned to death, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict implicating Mrs. Fritz, who had been on bad terms with the Honikel family.

Foreign.

It is said Patti has cancer of the stomach.

American exhibitors want 100,000 feet of space for their goods at the Melbourne, Australia, exposition.

The Czar has committed to degradation to the ranks the sentences of 18 young officers convicted of engaging in a revolutionary conspiracy and sentenced to exile in Siberia.

President Grevy's message of resignation was read in the French chamber of deputies on the 2nd. He has been president for nine years. There was a good deal of disorder and rioting during the political crisis.

Don Juan, father of Don Carlos of Spain, died last week. Don Carlos now claims to be rightful king of Spain and also of France. He bases his claim on his succession to the rights of Charles VI, his father's eldest brother, who died without children.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIVE STOCK AT AUCTION.

On Thursday, December 15th, I will offer at public auction, on my farm three miles northeast of North Lansing, on the Pine Lake road, twelve head of thoroughbred and grade Shorthorns, including a three-year-old bull sired by Col. Acomb, so long at the head of the Agricultural College herd. Also 14 head of thoroughbred Small Yorkshire hogs, including three registered sows one year old and over, six boar pigs from three to six months old, and five sow pigs from three to six months old.

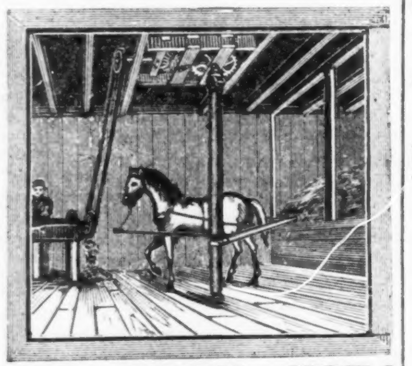
Sale will begin at one o'clock p. m. sharp.

1t W. M. HILBERT, North Lansing, Mich.

WANTED.

A situation as housekeeper or companion to invalid by a widow lady. Country preferred. Home more an object than wages. Best of references. Address Y. L., this office. 1t

THE BIGNELL POST POWER.



FOR FARM USE!

Especially designed to meet the wants of farmers who desire a light power for barn use, which will be always ready to operate and never in the way. It will perform as much work as two horses can draw; is cheap, durable and so simple in construction that it cannot get out of order. Takes power from horse to other machine by belt without jack or tumbling rod.

THE NEWEST THING AND THE BEST!

SMYRNA BELLS,

made of Amalgam steel metal, and for volume and purity of tone are not to be excelled,

For information in regard to any of the above call on or address *F. B. BIGNELL,*
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A Farm For Sale,

IN THE GREAT NEOSHO VALLEY,

Garden Spot of Kansas.

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42 HORSES FOR SALE,

The rapid growth of Owosso so encroaches upon our city breeding farm that we have platted it for sale which necessitates a sale of the above number of horses, among them being Jo Gavin 564 and 12 of this year's foals, together with all the unsold stock in our catalogue for 1887 from No. 1 to No. 42 inclusive except Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 19 and 20. Now is the time to get Napoleons reasonable.

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Contains about 250 acres: 170 acres under high state of cultivation, balance in meadow and timber; new house, good fences, three good wells with living water on two sides the farm; new Perkins windmill; situated only two miles southeast of the village of White Pigeon. Price only $50 00 per acre; terms one-half down with five years' time on balance at six per cent interest. Possession given April 1st. For further particulars address

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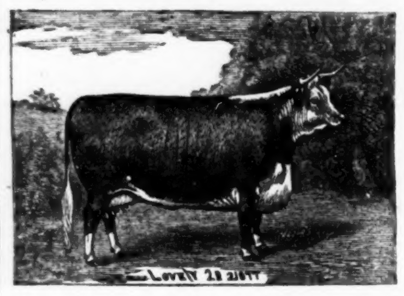

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Two hundred White Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, P. Cochins, Black Leghorns, Hamburgs, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and Pekin Ducks. Get prices before purchasing elsewhere. Stock warranted. Address J. W. SALIARD,
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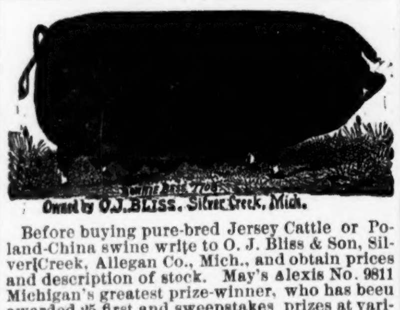

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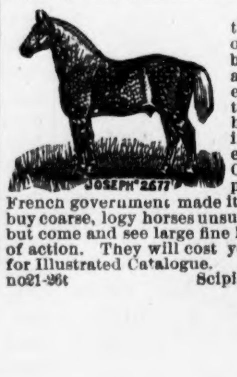

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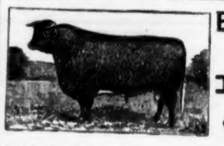

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Sheep of approved breeding. Individual Meri a specialty. Personal inspection invited. Correspondence solicited.

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Twenty-five heifers and young cows with calves at foot and 25 young bulls from 12 to 18 months old. Stock all first class. Some fine imported cows, richly-bred, the blood of

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Don't be afraid of fancy prices but come and see the stock or write for prices.

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Wyandottes, Plymouth Rocks, Black Spanish, Creve Cœur, White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Golden Polish, Houdans, Bronze Turkeys and Pekin Ducks. Eggs for hatching in season and fowls for sale. All my breeding hogs are recorded in Ohio P.-C. Record. my30tf

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Sired by Proud Duke of Fairview 20720, and Lord Barrington Hillhurst 62431, out of Young Mary, Phyllis, Lady Elizabeth, Peri Duchess and Rose of Sharon cows. Also a few cows and heifers. Reliable catalogues always on hand for distribution. WM. CURTIS & SONS,
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122 head yearlings just imported from the prize winning flocks of Mansell, Evans Brothers, Darling, J. Bowen Jones, T. Dickens, William Thomas, Thomas Jones and J. E. Farmer.

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125 head, rams and ewes, imported and American bred, direct from the renowned flocks of Wm. Fowler, Richard Thomas, J. E. Farmer, T. & S. Bradburne. R. Jones, T. Dicken, Jos. Pulley, M. P. Henry, Lovatt. Minton Everall, Byrd, Bromley and others. Oldest established flock in Michigan and first on record. Stock for sale.

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I have about Twenty head of fine

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A. D. DeGARMO, Highland, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Stock farm half a mile north of station. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. my15-6m*

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A. J. LEELAND, Rose Corners, Oakland Co, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock of both sexes for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Fenton, Genesee county. je6-1y

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HENRY BROOKS, Brooks Farm, Wixon, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. The following families represented: Pomona, Rose of Sharon and Phyllis. Correspondence promptly answered. o19-1y

HENRY LESSITER, Oakdale Stock Farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. P. O. address, Grattan, Kent Co., Mich. ja15-1y

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R. G. HART, Lapeer, breeder of Percheron and Standard-bred Trotting horses; Devon, Galloway and Hereford cattle; Merino sheep and Cheshire hogs. All stock registered. Farm adjoining city limits; residence, and breeding and sale stables in the city. Come or write me.

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Shropshire-Downs.

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J. LESSITER, Cole, Oakland Co., breeder of Shropshire Down Sheep, registered and unregistered; also Shorthorn Cattle. Stock for sale at reasonable prices and terms.

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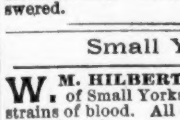

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MRS. W. J. LAWRENCE, Battle Creek, breeder of pure-bred poultry. L. and D. Brahmas, Langshans, P. Rocks, Wyandottes, Japanese, Royal Pekin and Golden Seabright bantams. Toulouse and Embden geese. Rouen and Pekin ducks. Bronze Turkeys. Pea fowls. Pearl Guineas, and dealer in cage birds. Also registered Merino sheep and Poland-China swine Stock for sale and eggs in season. n9-1y

Poetry.

TWO PREACHERS.

Two preachers touched my soul one night;
Both woke within me earnest thought—
One charmed by Fancy's airy flight;
One bitter anguish wrought.

The first, 'neath frescoed fretted roof,
With flowers making sweet the air,
On ornate dais stood aloof,
An utterey praiseful prayer.

He thanked his God, in mankind's name,
For light, for life, for home, and friends,
For all that through our sensuous frame
A thrill of gladness sends;

And then he spoke, in choicest phrase,
Of fruitful earth and glorious heaven,
Of love that guardeth all our ways,
Of pardon freely given.

And listening in a cushioned pew,
Wrapped in a dreamful, hazy mist,
On music, lights, and warmth, I grew
A sudden optimist.

Wealth, beauty, grace, and culture rare,
Proud faces fashioned fair by fate,
Filled up the pews—no hint was there
Of misery, want, or hate;

The world was fair—and God *did* reign!
So ran my musings glad and sweet,
As at the organ's grand refrain
We surged into the street.

Into the street! 'Twas there I found
The preacher who spoke words of woe;
The stars shone fierce above—around
All things were draped in snow,

And bitter was the north wind's rage,
Yet thin-clad forms went hurrying on—
Forms bent with toil, disease, and age,
From whom all joy seemed gone.

And baby voices begged for bread.
And voices rude made night more drear
With oaths enforcing words of dread;
I wondered—was God near?

And maddened men went reeling by
To homes where wives with inward moan,
Hushed childhood's quick, impatient cry
And hunger's fretful tone;

And by the street-lamp's flickering glare
I glimpses caught of faces bold—
Girl-faces, whose defiant stare
Their dismal story told.

From sights and sounds like these—not creeds—
Did this strange preacher preach to me;
His sermon was on human needs;
His name—Humanity. —*The Index.*

Miscellaneous.

CLAUDE TYACK'S ORDEAL.

I.

Claude Tyack was the tallest and handsomest man of my time at Harvard. And when I saw him walking one day with Elsie Marple through the college avenue, I felt really and truly jealous about Elsie.

Those were the dear old days before the war, and Prof. Marple then taught Greek to Freshmen and Sophomores in Cambridge lecture-halls. Elsie was still the belle of Cambridge, and I was Elsie's favored admirer. But that afternoon, when I met Elsie a little later, alone, by the old Law School, near the Agassiz Museum, I was half angry with her for talking to Tyack. She blushed as I came up, and I put the wrong interpretation on her blushes. "Elsie," I said, for I called her even then by her Christian name, "that fellow Claude's been here walking with you!"

She looked me full in the face with her big brown eyes, and answered softly, "He has, Walter, and I'm very sorry for him."

"Sorry for him!" I cried, somewhat hot in the face. "Why sorry? What's he been doing or saying that you should be sorry for?"

I spoke roughly, I suppose. I was young and I was angry. Elsie turned her big brown eyes upon me once more and said only, "I'm very sorry for him. Poor, poor fellow! I'm very sorry."

"Elsie," I answered, "you've no right to speak so about any other fellow. Tyack's been making love to you. I'm sure of that. Why did you let him? You're mine now and I claim the whole of you."

To my great surprise, Elsie suddenly burst into tears, and walked away without answering me anything. I was hot and uncomfortable, but I let her go. I didn't even try in any way to stop her or ask her why she should cry so strangely. I only knew, like a foolish boy as I was, that my heart was full of wrath and resentment against Tyack.

That evening I met him again in the dining-hall—the old hall on the college square that preceded the big memorial building we of the Harvard brigade set up long afterwards in honor of the boys who fell in the great struggle. I looked at him angrily and spoke angrily. After hall we went out together in the cool air. Tyack was flushed and still angrier than I. "You want to triumph over me," he said in a fierce way, as we reached the door. "That is mean and ungenerous. You might do better. In your place I would have more magnanimity."

I didn't know what on earth he meant, but my hot French blood boiled up at once—the Ponsards came over with the first Huguenot refugees in the *Evangile*—and I answered hastily, "No man calls me mean for nothing. Blow follows word with men of my sort, Tyack. Insult me again, and you know what you'll get for it."

"You are a fool and and a coward," he cried through his clenched teeth. "No gentleman would so treat a conquered rival. Isn't it enough that you have beaten me and crushed me? Need you dance upon me and kick my corpse afterwards?"

I don't know what I answered back, I failed to understand him still, but I saw he was furious, and I only felt the angrier for that; but I struck him in the face, and I told him if he wished it to be open war, war it should be with no quarter.

I could hardly believe my eyes when he drew himself up to his full height and without uttering a word stalked haughtily off, his face purple with suppressed wrath, and his lips quivering, but self-controlled and outwardly calm in his gait and movement. I thought he must be going to challenge me—in those days duelling was not yet utterly dead even in the north—and I waited for the challenge with some eagerness; but no challenge ever came. I never saw Claude Tyack again till I met him in the Second Connecticut Regiment, just before the battle of Chattawauga.

Late that night I went round to the Marple's, trembling with excitement, and after our easy American fashion asked at the door to see Miss Elsie. Elsie came down to me alone in the dining-room; her eyes were still a little swollen with crying, but she looked even lovelier and gentler than ever. I asked her what had passed between her and Tyack, and she told me in simple words a story that, angry as I was, sent a thrill of regret and remorse through my inmost being. Tyack had come up to her that afternoon in the Elm avenue, she said, and after gently leading up to it by half-hints whose meaning she never perceived till afterwards, had surprised her at last by asking her outright to be his wife and make him happy forever and ever. Elsie was so breathless at this unexpected declaration that she had not even presence of mind to tell him at once of our virtual engagement; and Tyack seeing her hesitate and temporize, went on begging in the profoundest terms of love and affection, till her woman's heart was touched with pity. "He said he could never know another happy moment," she whispered, "unless I would have him, Walter; and as he said it I knew by his eyes that he really meant it."

"And what did you answer?" I asked in an agony of doubt, my heart misgiving me for my anger that evening.

"I said to him, 'Oh, Mr. Tyack, I know you mean it, and if it weren't that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think out of very pity I should have to marry you.'"

"You said that," I cried, the devil within me getting the better of me for a moment.

"Yes, Walter, I said that. And Mr. Tyack gave a sort of low, suppressed, sobbing cry, like a man whose heart is thrust through, I think, and pressed his two hands upon his breast and staggered away as if I had shot him."

"Elsie," I cried, taking her white hand in a fit of remorse," I understand it all now. I hope to heaven we haven't between us, sent that man Tyack to blow his brains out, or jump into the river."

When I got back to my rooms a little past midnight, I found a note lying on my table. This is what it said:

WALTER PONSARD: You have treated me brutally. No honorable man would act as you have done. Yet, for her sake, I refrain from returning the blow you gave me. But whenever my own turn comes, without hurting her, trust me, you will find you have provoked a dangerous enemy.

CLAUDE TYACK.

I breathed freer. Then he would not kill himself. I didn't mind his threat of vengeance, but I should have been sorry to bear the guilt of his blood upon me.

Next morning Tyack had gone from Cambridge, and nobody knew where he had betaken himself.

II.

Before Chattawauga, I was passing through camp in my uniform as a sergeant in the Harvard battalion of the Third Massachusetts, when I saw an orderly coming from Holditch's regiment, with a note for the General from Col. Holditch. He wore the gray stuff, with blue facing, of the Second Connecticut. We recognized each other at the first glance! It was Claude Tyack.

Everybody in the north volunteered in those days, and some of us who volunteered rose fast to be field officers, while others of us equally well born and bred, remained in the ranks for months together. Tyack and I were among the residuum. He glanced at me curtly and passed on. I somehow felt, I don't know why, that the hour of his revenge could not be far distant.

I sat down in my tent that night and wrote to Elsie. It was Elsie who had wished me to volunteer. I wrote to her whenever an occasion offered. A mail was going out that evening from the field. I told her all about the expected battle, but I said never a word about poor Tyack.

Just as we were turning in for the night a United States mail was distributed to the detachment. I opened my letter from Elsie with trembling fingers. She wrote as ever, full of tears and hopes. A little postscript ended the letter. "I hear," she said, "that poor Claude Tyack is with you in Burnside's division. I shall never cease to be sorry for him. If possible, try and make your quarrel up before the battle. I couldn't bear to think he might be killed, and you unforgiven."

I sat long with the letter in my hand. A battle is a very serious thing. If Tyack had been there in the tent that evening, I think I should have taken Elsie's advice and made it all up with him. And then things would have been very different.

As I sat there musing with the letter still in my fingers, the drum beat suddenly, and we heard the signal for forming battalion. It was the night surprise: Whelock and Bonsejour were upon us suddenly. Everybody knows what Chattawauga was like. We fought hard, but the circumstances were against the Harvard battalion. Though Burnside held his own in the centre to be sure, the right wing had a bad time of it, and seventy-two of us Harvard boys were taken prisoners. I am not writing a history of the war, so I shall only say, without attempting to explain it, that we were marched off at once to Bonsejour's rear, and sent off at once to Richmond. There we remained for five months, close prisoners, without one word from home, and what to me was ten thousand times worse, without possibility of communicating with Elsie. Elsie, no doubt, would think I was dead. That thought alone was a perpetual torture to me. Would Tyack take advantage of my absence? Elsie was mine; I knew I could trust her.

At the end of five months the other men were released on parole. They offered me the same terms, but I refused to accept them. It seemed to me a question of principle. I had pledged my word already to fight to the death for my country, and I couldn't forswear myself by making terms with rebels. We of old New England stock took a serious view of the war and its meaning; we didn't look upon it as a vast national armed picnic party. Even for Elsie's sake, I would not consent to purchase a useless freedom by what I regarded as a public treachery. I could not have loved Elsie so much, "loved I not honor more," as the poet of our common country phrases it.

I was left the only prisoner in the old barracks in Clay Street, Richmond, and of course I was accordingly but little guarded. A few weeks later an opportunity occurred for me to get away. A wounded soldier from the front, straggling in by himself from the entrenchments, fainted opposite the Clay Street Barracks, and was hastily hurried in and put to bed there, the hospital accommodation in the city being already more than overcrowded. In the dusk of the evening I conveyed his clothes to my own room, and next day I put them on, a tattered and bloodstained Confederate uniform. Then, having shaved off my beard with a piece of hoop iron, well sharpened against a bone, I passed out boldly before the very eyes of the lounging sentry, and made my way across the streets of the half-beleagured city. I waited till nightfall in the rotunda of the Exchange Hotel in Franklin street, where men sat and smoked and discussed the news; and when the lamps began to be lighted around the State Capitol, I slunk off along the riverside, so as to avoid being hailed and challenged by the sentries, who held all approaches from the direction of Washington.

In those days, I need hardly say, strong lines of earthworks were drawn around Richmond city on the north, east, and west, where Lee was defending it; and it was only along the river southward that any road was left fairly open into the country. I went by the river bank, therefore, onward and onward, till the city lights faded slowly one by one, into the darkness behind me. I passed a few soldiers here and there on the road, but my Confederate uniform sufficiently protected me from any unfavorable notice. If any of them hailed me with a "Hullo, stranger! where are you off this time of evening?" my answer was easy, "Straight from the front. Sick leave. Just discharged from hospital in Lee's division." Southern chivalry nodded and passed on without further parley. I was going in fact in the wrong direction for many questions to be asked me in passing. Everybody from the south was hurrying to the front; a wounded soldier straggling homeward attracted then but little attention.

I walked on and on, always along the bank of the dark river, till I had almost reached the point where the Appomattox falls in the James. I wanted to reach the northern lines, and to get to them I must somehow cross the river. It was pitch dark now, a moonless night in early December, and even in Virginia the water at that season was almost ice-cold in the tidal estuary. But I knew I must swim it, sooner or later, and the sooner I tried it the better were my chances. I had eaten nothing since leaving the barracks and I should probably get nothing to eat until I reached Burnside's army. Tonight, therefore, I was comparatively strong; the longer I delayed, the weaker would my muscles grow with hunger. To lie out all night on the ground in the cold is not the best way of preparing one's self for swimming a mile's width of chilly river. Besides, I was almost certain to be observed in the daytime, and shot like a dog, by the one as a spy, or by the other as a deserter. My only chance lay in trying it by night, so I plunged in boldly just as I found myself.

I shall never forget that awful swim in the dead of night across the tidal water of the James river. The stars were shining dimly overhead through the valley mist, and by the aid of the Great Bear (for I did not know the pole-star then) I swam roughly in what I took to be a general northeastward direction toward the shore opposite. In a hundred yards or so the southern bank became quite invisible, and I could not hope to see the northern until I had come within about the same distance of it. All the rest of the way I swam by the aid of the stars alone, so far as guidance or compass went, and this compelled me to keep my eyes straining pretty steadily upwards, and to hold my head in a most difficult and unnatural position on the surface of the water. The ice-cold stream chilled my frozen limbs, and the gloom and the silence overawed and appalled me.

I don't know how long I took swimming across; time in such circumstances cannot be measured by mere minutes. I only know it seemed to me then a whole eternity. Stroke after stroke, I swam mechanically on, each movement of my thighs coming harder and harder. My trousers impeded my movement terribly; and though I had thrown off my coat on the further bank, to leave the arms free, the boots which I had tied around my neck made swimming more difficult, and weighted my head from observing my star-guides. Still I went on and on in a dogged fashion, my limbs moving as if by clockwork. I must have been nearly three-quarters of the way across when I became aware of a new terror unexpectedly confronting me. My eyes had been fixed steadily upon the stars, so I had not noticed it before; and the noiseless working of the little screw had escaped my ears even in that ghastly silence. But, casting a hasty glance down the river sideway, I noticed all at once, with a thrill of horror, thst a small steam launch, making up stream, was almost upon me. I knew immediately what she must be—the launch of the Rappahannock, a Confederate iron-clad, on her way up from Chesapeake Bay to the quays at Richmond.

I must live it out to get back to Elsie. That was the one thought that made up my whole being, as I lay there motionless, floating on the still water, numbed with cold, and half dead with my exertions.

I dared not move least the launch should see by the dancing reflection of her light on the rippled waves I made, there was something astir ahead, and should give me chase and capture me as a deserter. I floated like a log on the silent surface, and waited with upturned face and closed eyes for the launch to pass by me—or run over me.

As I floated I heard her screw draw nearer and nearer. I wondered whether I lay direct in her course. If so, no help for it; she must run me down. It was safer so than to swim away and attract attention.

I turned my eyes sideways and opened them cautiously as the noise came close. By heavens, yes! she was heading straight for me!

At Harvard I had always been a good diver. I dived now, noiselessly and imperceptibly; it would almost be truer to say I let myself go under without conscious movement. The water closed about my face at once. I seemed to feel something glide above me. I was dimly aware of the recoil from the screw. I shut my eyes once more, and held my breath in my full chest. Next instant I was whirled by the after current back to the surface in the wake of the screw, and saw the white stars still shining above me.

"Something black on the water," shouted a voice behind. "Otter, I take it; or might be a nigger contraband bound north. Whichever it is, I'll have a cock-shot at it, Captain, anyway."

I dived again at the word, half dead with cold and fear; and even as I dived felt rather than heard the thud and hiss of a rifle bullet ricocheting on the water, just at the very point where my head had rested an instant earlier.

"Otter!" the voice said again, as I reached the surface, numbed and breathless, more dead than alive, and afraid to let anything but my mouth and ears rise above the black level of the water. And the steam launch moved steadily on her way without waiting to take any further notice of me.

The danger was past once more for the moment, but I was too exhausted to swim any further, deadened in my limbs with cold as I was, and cramped with my exertions. I could only float face upwards on my back, and soon became almost senseless from exposure. Every now and again, indeed, consciousness seemed to return fitfully for a moment, and I struck out in blind energy with my legs, I knew not in what direction; but for the most part I merely floated like a log down stream, allowing myself to be carried resistlessly before the sluggish current.

As day broke I revived a little. I must then have been at least three hours in the ice-cold water. I saw land within a hundred yards of me. With one despairing final effort, I know not how, I struck out with my legs like galvanized limbs and made for it—for land and Elsie.

Would Federal pickets be guarding the shore? That was my new anxiety. If so, my doom was sealed. Fortunately the shore here was unguarded; below Mitchell's redoubt, indeed, attack from southward was always held impossible. I dragged myself on land, over the muddy tidal flat, and found myself in the midst of that terrible, desolate, swampy region known as the Wilderness, the scene of the chief early struggle for disruption, and of the battlefields where Lee and Stonewall Jackson stood at bay like wounded tigers.

When I came to realize my actual plight I began to feel what a fool I had been to run away from Richmond. I sat there on the bank frozen and dripping from head to foot, my soaked boots hanging useless round my neck, my blood chilled, my limbs shivering, my heart almost dead, and yet with a terrible sense of fever in my cold lips, and a fierce throbbing in my aching head. I had no food, and no chance of getting any. Around me stretched that broken, marshy country, alternating between pine barrens and swampy bottoms. Scouts and pickets held the chief points everywhere; to show myself before them in my wet and ragged Confederate uniform would be to draw fire at a moment's notice. What to do I had no conception; I merely sat there, my head in my hands, and waited and waited and waited still, till the sun was high up in the blank blue heavens.

I won't describe the eight days of speechless agony in the Wilderness. I wandered up and down through scrub and pine woods not daring at first to show myself openly, and then, when hunger and fatigue at last conquered my fear, not knowing where to look for the Federal outposts. Night after night I lay upon the bare ground, in the highest and driest part of the wild pine-barrens, and saw the cold stars shining above, and heard the whip-poor-will scream shrill overhead in the thick darkness. It was an awful time: I dare not trust myself even now ta recall it too vividly. If it had not been for the wild persimmon trees, indeed, I might have starved in that terrible week. But luckily the persimmons were very plentiful, and though a man can't live on them forever with absolute comfort, they will serve to keep body and soul together somehow for a longer time than any other wild berry or fruit I know of.

At last, on the eighth morning, as I lay asleep on the ground, wearied and feverish, I felt myself rudely shaken by a rough hand, and, opening my eyes with a start, saw to my joy the northern uniform on the three men who stood around me.

"Spy!" the sergeant said briefly. "Tie his hands, O'Grady. Lift him up. March him before you."

I told them at once I was a soldier in the Harvard Battalion, escaped from Richmond, but of course they didn't and couldn't believe me. My Confederate uniform told too false a story. However, I was far too weak to march, and the men carried me, one of them going on to get me food and brandy; for, spy or no spy, one thing was clear past all doubting, that I was so faint and ill with hunger and exposure that to make me walk would have been sheer cruelty.

"Take him to headquarters," my captor or my rescuer said in a short voice, as soon as I had eaten and drunk greedily the bread and meat and brandy the first man had brought up for me.

They carried me to headquarters and brought me up before three officers. The officers questioned me closely and incredulously. They would hear nothing of my being a Federal prisoner. The uniform alone was enough to condemn me. "Take him away and search him," they said peremptorily. The sergeant took me to a tent and searched me; and found nothing.

I knew then what would happen next. They would try me by a rude rough-and-ready court-martial, and hang me for a spy that very morning.

As I marched out from the sergeant's tent again, absolutely despondent with fatigue and fever, an officer in a major's uniform strolled casually toward us. Promotion was often very quick in those days. The major, I saw at a glance, was Claude Tyack.

He stopped and gazed at me sternly for a moment. Not a muscle of his face stirred or quivered. "Sergeant," he said, in a cool, unconcerned tone, eyeing me from head to foot, "who's your prisoner?"

"One of Lee's spies," the sergeant answered, carelessly. "Took him this morning out on the Wilderness. Fourth we've taken this week anyhow. The Rebs are getting kinder desperate, I reckon."

I looked Claude Tyack back in the face. He knew me perfectly, but never one instant quailed or faltered. "What will you do with him? Shoot him?" he inquired.

"String him up," the sergeant replied, with a quiet grin.

I stood still and said nothing.

They took me back and held a short informal drum head court-martial. It all occupied five minutes. A man's life counts for so little in war time. I was half dead already, and never listened to it. The bitterness of death was past for me long ago. I stood bolt upright, my arms folded desperately in front, and faced Claude Tyack without ever flinching. Claude Tyack, who only looked on as a mere spectator, faced me in return, mute and white, in solemn expectation.

"Do you admit you are a spy?" the presiding officer asked me.

"No," I replied, "I am a Federal prisoner from Richmond, late sergeant in the Massachusetts contingent."

"Can you get any one to identify you?"

"In Burnside's division—yes; hundreds."

The presiding officer smiled grimly.

"Burnside's division is a long way off now," he said calmly. "It moved a month ago. We can't bring men all the way from Kentucky, you know, to look at you."

I bowed my head. It mattered little. I was too wearied out to fight for life any longer. I only thought of Elsie's misery.

Then I became aware that Claude Tyack had joined the ring a little closer, and was looking at me with fixed and rigid attention.

"Nobody nearer?" the officer asked.

I kept my eyes riveted on Tyack's. I could not appeal to him; not even for Elsie. He would not help me. I never knew till that moment I was a thought reader; but in Tyack's face I read it all—all he was thinking as it passed through his mind; read it, and felt certain I read it correctly.

If he allowed me to be shot then and there, he would not only wipe out old scores, but would also in time marry Elsie.

I saw those very words passing rapidly through his angry mind—"If it weren't that I love Walter Ponsard with all my soul, I think, Mr. Tyack, for very pity I should have to marry you!"

She would have to marry him! He would go back, certain of my death; he would tell her all, save this one episode; he would plead hard, as he had pleaded before; and then, for pity, Elsie would marry him!

Our eyes met still; I returned his stare; tall and pale he stood confronting me; he gloated over my misfortune; we spoke never a word to one another; and yet we two men knew perfectly in our own hearts each what the other was thinking.

There was a deadly pause. The presiding officer waited patiently. The words seemed to stick in my throat. I moistened my lips with my tongue, and wetted my larynx by swallowing. Then I said slowly, "Nobody nearer."

The presiding officer waited again. Clearly he was loath himself to condemn a man so weak and ill as I was. At last he cleared his throat nervously, and turned to the court with an inquiring gesture.

Then Claude Tyack took three paces forward and stood before him. The man seemed taller and paler than ever. Great drops of dew gathered on his brow. His lips and nostrils quivered with emotion. A frightful struggle was going on within him. The demon of revenge—just revenge, if revenge is ever just—for an undeserved insult—I recognized that—fought for mastery in his soul with right and mercy. "I need not identify him," he cried aloud, clasping his two hands one over the other, and talking as in a dream. "I am not called to give evidence. He has never asked me!"

"I will never ask you," I replied with dogged despair. "You have found me, oh, my enemy! I have wronged you bitterly. I know it and regret it. I will ask your forgiveness, but never your mercy."

Claude Tyack held up his hands, like a child, to his face. He was a rugged man now, though still young and handsome; but the tears rolled slowly, very slowly, one after another, down his bronzed cheeks. "You shall have my mercy," he answered at last with a groan, "because you do not ask it; but never, never, never, my forgiveness. For Elsie's sake, I cannot let her lover be shot for a traitor."

The presiding officer caught at it all as if by instinct. "You know this man, Major Tyack?" he asked, quietly.

"I know him, Col. Sibthorpe."

"Who is he?"

The words came as if from the depths of the grave. "Walter Ponsard, Sergeant of the Harvard Battalion, Third Massachusetts Infantry, Burnside's division. He was missing seven months ago, after Chattawauga."

"The name and description he gave himself. That is quite sufficient. The prisoner is discharged. Sergt. Ponsard, you shall be taken care of. Tyack, a word with you."

III.

When I next was conscious, I found myself lying in hospital at Washington. Elsie, in a nurse's dress, was leaning over my bed. She kissed me on the forehead. "How about Tyack?" I asked eagerly.

"Hush, hush!" she whispered, soothing my cheek. "You musn't talk, darling. The fever has been terrible. We never thought your life would be spared for me."

"But Tyack!" I cried. "I *must* hear of him! He hasn't shot himself? His face was so terrible! I could never live if I thought I had killed him."

"He is there," Elsie whispered, pointing with her hand to the adjoining bed. "Wounded the very next day in the fight at Fredericksburg. I have nursed you both. Hush, now, hush darling!"

I said no more, but cried silently. I was glad his blood was not on my head. If he died now, he died for his country, in the only just war ever waged on this world of ours. He had had his ordeal, and passed through it like a man and a soldier.

Late that night I heard a noise and bustle at my bedside. Somebody was talking low and earnestly. I turned round on my side and listened. Elsie was standing by Tyack's bed, and holding his hand tenderly in hers. I knew why, and was not surprised at her.

"Elsie, Elsie," he said, in a tremulous tone, "press me tighter. It will not be long now. I feel it creeping over me. Is Ponsard conscious?"

I sat up in my bed with delirious strength, in spite of Elsie, and cried aloud in a clear voice, "Tyack, I hear you."

"Ponsard," he said, turning his eyes and, without moving his neck, looking across at me, "I said once I would never forgive you. I am sorry I said so. If there is anything to forgive, I forgive it freely. Before I die give me your hand, Walter!"

He had never called me Walter before. The hot tears rose fast in my eyes. Feeble and ill as I was, I sprang from my bed. Elsie clasped my left hand tight and flung the coarse coverlet loosely around me. I sat on the edge of Tyack's bed, and grasped his hand hard in mine. Elsie laid hers over both. She kissed me tenderly with her trembling lips; then she bent down and kissed the dying man too on his white forehead. His hand relaxed; his lips quivered. "Elsie, good-by!" he said, slowly, and all was over.

Elsie flung her arms wildly around my neck. "He saved your life, my darling," she cried. "Walter, I hoped I might have saved his for him."

"It is better so, Elsie," I answered with an effort; and then I fell back fainting beside him.

A Handsome Pair of Twins.

Versatile and valuable Ben Fletcher, Traveling Passenger Agent of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad Company, is in a state of superlative ecstasy. The cause of Mr. Fletcher's ebullition of spirits is one of interest to the whole public. Mr. Fletcher was found in his office yesterday afternoon, hardly able to contain himself. There was a sort of triumphant gleam in his eye.

"We've got 'em," he said, as a *Free Press* reporter entered.

"Got what?"

"Twins."

"Where?"

"We've got 'em and they're ours. Finest you ever saw. Beauties. Nothing on the road that's a marker to them. Finer than silk, softer than velvet, and more beautiful than aurora borealis," and Mr. Fletcher looked as though he'd like to break loose and go somewhere.

"What are their names?"

"Paulina and Fernando."

"Got them here?"

"No—down on the track. Come on and I'll show them to you."

The twins are not babies, and though less animated they are none the less interesting. They are a pair of sleeping cars just out of the Pullman shops, glistening but not smelling of new paint and varnish and radiant with ornamentation.

The sleepers have been named Paulina and Fernando. The visit was made to Fernando who had just got in on a flying trip from Pullman with a new porter in charge. Fernando will be a joy to the traveling public. It is said that no handsomer cars have been turned out of Pullman. They are composed of drawing-room, smoking room buffet and have ten regular sections. The larger part of the cars is finished in mahogany highly polished. The upholstery of the seats and of the body of these magnificent parlors on wheels is a pale blue "glace" plush, which makes a strikingly beautiful contrast with the mahogany. The carpets are of the richest Wilton make, in attractive designs. The general effect of the furniture and decorations is highly pleasing. A particular drawing-room at one end of the car is finished in satin wood, with large mirrors upon several sides. The upholstering is in terra-cotta plush. The smoking rooms have sides of lincrusta Walton of unique design, are fitted with divans and are the very seat of comfort. Drawing-rooms, the smoking room, the sections, and even every seat, are furnished with electric annunciators.

The cars will be on exhibition at the Brush Street depot every day this week, between the hours of 2 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The public is cordially invited to come and see them. They will run on the new Detroit & Chicago line, leaving Detroit at 8 p. m., and arriving at Chicago at 8:10 a. m. Breakfast will be served in a dining car before reaching Chicago. East bound, the sleepers will leave Chicago at 8:15 p. m., and arrive in Detroit at 8 a. m. —*Detroit Free Press*, Sunday, Nov. 20th, 1887.

Washington's Bedchamber.

The November *Century* opens with two illustrated articles on "The Home and the Haunts of Washington" and Mount Vernon As It Is." From them we quote the following: "The interest of the whole house centers in the room where Washington died, —'The Gen'al's room's the room I likes de bes' in de house,' as the servitor called it, in a tone of genuine and reverent affection. Just where the great man lay a-dying eighty-eight years ago, the bed now stands, and beside it the light stand on which are the rings left by his medicine-glasses, unchanged since that day. The secretary at which he wrote, the hair-covered trunk in which he carried his possessions, the surveyor's tripod he had used, the cloak he threw about his shoulders when he went over the farm, the leathern chair in which he sat, the covering cut away by vandal hands, are all there. There was something, in spite of these few discordant notes, that seemed peculiar to that room. I could not feel that thousands of eyes had looked upon it with idle curiosity, but as though it had been kept sacred all these years, and was yet redolent of the memories which have set it apart forever.

"'Many wonders,' said our guide, 'why Mrs. Washington died up in de attic, and not in de Gen'al's room. It was de custom in de family to shut up a room for two years after a death had happened in it' an' dis room was shut up. Mrs. Washington went up in de attic an' dere she staid for eighteen mu'n's till she died dere. She never had no fire in de winter, an' in de summer it was very hot—but dere she staid wif only her cat fur comp'ny."

"The corner cut off from the lower part of the door he showed us was for the easy egress and ingress of this familiar friend. The attic room is pretty and attractive-looking, but has in it now only one piece of furniture used by Mrs. Washington—a little three-cornered washstand."

Mistress (to servant)—Did you tell those ladies at the door that I was not at home? Servant—Yis, mum. Mistress—What did they say? Servant—How fortiolt!

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture—A Revival of Old Time Simplicities.

In one of Harper's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts' celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old-timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose,—"Old Time Doctoring."

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country, has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great-grandfathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain has made these herbs less abundant, and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safe cure, and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigation in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from which his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin Remedies." Among these medicines will be a "Sarsaparilla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," a remedy called "Scalpine," for the hair. "Log Cabin Extract" for the internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for Catarrh, called "Log Cabin Rose Cream." Among the lis is also a "Log Cabin Plaster," and a "Log Cabin Liver Pill."

From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering humanity, and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the puolic has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poisonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the perscriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of poisonous drugs, already prominent, will become more pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

Prof. Tyndall on Lightning Conductors.

Prof. Tyndall, writing to the London *Times*, says: "Your recent remarks on thunderstorms and their effects induce me to submit to you the following facts and considerations. Some years ago a rock lighthouse on the coast of Ireland was struck and damaged by lightning. An engineer was sent down to report on the occurrence, and as I then held the honorable and responsible post of scientific adviser to the Trinity House and Board of Trade, the report was submitted to me. The lightning conductor had been carried down the lighthouse tower, its lower extremity being carefully embedded in a stone, perforated to receive it. If the object had been to invite the lightning to strike the tower, a better arrangement could hardly have been adopted. I gave directions to have the conductor immediately prolonged, and to have added to it a large terminal plate of copper, which was to be completely submerged in the sea. The obvious convenience of a chain as a prolongation of the conductor caused the authorities in Ireland to propose it, but I was obliged to veto the adoption of the chain. The contact of link with link is never perfect. I had, moreover, beside me a portion of a chain cable through which a lightning discharge had passed, the electricity in passing from link to link encountering a resistance sufficient to enable it to partially fuse the chain. The abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning conductor with the earth, and this is done by closely embedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, its disruptive and damaging effects being thereby avoided. These truths are elementary, but they are often neglected. I watched with interest some time ago the operation of setting up a lightning conductor on the house of a neighbor of mine in the country. The wire rope, which formed part of the conductor, was carried down the wall, and comfortably laid in the earth below, without any terminal plate whatever. I expostulated with the man who did the work, but he obviously thought he knew more about the matter than I did. I am credibly informed that this is a common way of dealing with lightning conductors by ignorant practitioners, and the Bishop of Winchester's palace at Farnham has been mentioned to me as an edifice 'protected' in this fashion. If my informant be correct, the 'protection' is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

FROWNS AND TEARS.

Before the days of clock in hall,
Or watch in pocket or on wall,
The ancients told the time of day
By measurements of sun and shade,
Just as you do, you forward jade,
Who can be everything but gay.
They set up in a public place
A dial with a pointed face,
Whereon a figure, like your nose,
Or like your threatening finger, rose;
And, when the sun went up and down,
Pointed the hours, as you do now,
With sullen humors on your brow,
For every hour a different frown!

When the sun set, or hid his light
In cloudy days, and in the night,
They told the time another way,
By water, which from vessels dropped,
Till they were emptied, when it stopped:
And this they called the clepsydra.
You use the same old measure yet,
For evermore your eyes are wet,
You leaky creature, old and sour,
Whose life is a perpetual shower!
Strong should he be, and in his prime,
To whom, as wife, you measure time.
How can he tell, with you in sight,
Whether it be the day or night,
Your peevish tempers change so soon;
Your frown, as now, proclaims it noon,
And now 'tis midnight—by your tears!

—*Harper's Magazine.*

PET BURGLAR ALARMS.

"I do not train dogs to watch for burglars," said a fancier, "but some of them that are well bred are led to do it by their natural sagacity and force of character. They may not perform the duty with the desperate energy that is shown by the whitey brown cur with the long tail and the black patch over his eyes, but they will do it well enough to answer every reasonable expectation. That bull terrier you see there now, weighing about thirty-five pounds, with the undershot jaw and ugly enough to be put into a chamber of horrors anywhere, might be wide awake when a robber is squeezing his body through the pantry window, but he would make no effort to stop the man's entry; but once in the fellow would have hard work to get out again."

"It is not easy to say what the bull terrier will do with the prisoner when he had him at his mercy. It depends largely upon the animal's previous general (not special) training. Certainly the man will have no voice in the matter, unless he howls to the inmates of the house for protection, which is really the wisest course he could take, though he seldom chooses it. A personal encounter hand to tooth would be a forlorn hope indeed, and the possession of a pistol gives fewer advantages than you might think. The drawing of the weapon would precipitate the conflict! The bull terrier is fortunate hard to kill, and a mere wound only adds to its ferocity. Then the combatants are too close together to allow of the effective use of a revolver, and a 'throat grip,' which the dog may get at once, and is almost sure to secure in a few seconds, will very quickly place the robber where a pistol, though it would probably be discharged before the trigger was pulled, will do him no good.

"The dog is not going to disturb the family. He is a sentinel who can watch without making everybody else watch, too. Daylight, he thinks, will be quite time enough for those to whom he owes allegiance to inquire into the merits of the case, and the only serious question that arises is: Will the burglar be able to take his proper place in the investigation? Or, in other words, returning to the original proposition, What will the bull terrier going to do with him?

"I know of three cases in which distinct answers were given to that question. The head of a family was warned by his butler that he had noticed some suspicious looking men prowling about the rear of the house, and would respectfully suggest that the silverware be sent to the vaults of a safe deposit. This advice was given after business hours, but the gentleman determined to avail himself of it on the following day. Meanwhile he borrowed a big, unamiable bull terrier from the butcher and neglected to mention the fact to the butler. Nobody in the upper regions of the house was disturbed that night, for the work down stairs was done in silence. The next morning the butler body of the butler was found lying on the floor of the pantry with the dog crouched beside it. The man's throat was torn and some of the family jewelry was in his pockets. The silverware was placed so soon as had not been interrupted, he could be quickly and easily handed it to his confederates, whose footprints were stamped upon the clay beneath the window. He had warned his master in order to prevent suspicion from falling upon himself, but he had not taken the bull terrier into his calculations.

"Then I knew an old lawyer who was roused before daybreak by roars of help in the hall, and going down stairs found a burglar sitting on a marble top table, and a blue eyed bull terrier, that a friend of mine had given him as a fee for defending a lawsuit, gazing at him from the floor.

"And, again, I once sold a fine bull terrier to an elderly lady, who, distrusting servants and living all alone in her house, thought she needed such a protector. Coming down to light the fire one morning, she was horrified to find her dog grimly watching a burly ruffian in the kitchen.

"'If you please, marm,' said the man, raising his cap as she entered, 'I ain't a-doin' nuthin' yet. That 'ere wild beast o' yourn would a tore me to small bits if I had. I been a keepin' his eye on me, marm, and if I'd stirred a step he'd a been at me. I put in a most uncommon nasty night, marm, and I do hopes you won't be hard on me.'

"She was not hard upon him. She gave him breakfast and allowed him to go unmolested. Then she came around to my place with the dog and sold him back to me at a price, saying that if I had told her I was so remorseless a brute she would never have allowed him in her house at all.

"The fact is, no watchdog is of the slightest use to a lady. If he barks and arouses her, she is far more terrified than the burglar, and when he does his work silently she is not the social companion she cares to have in her boudoir. She has stated her case to me often enough when she came to buy a pet. What she wants is a soft little fellow, who will sleep as soundly as she does herself, and not provoke the burglars by making any unseemly disturbance.

"But for persons who would rather risk an encounter with thieves than lose their goods, a well bred, rough haired terrier, weighing about twelve pounds, makes a capital house protector. He is likely to be full of intelligence, and will not give an alarm without cause. If he hears a noise he will thoroughly investigate it before he barks. No passing footsteps, no wind rattled shutters, in fact nothing but an absolute attempt to get, feloniously, into the house, will induce him to arouse the inmates. If his suspicions are awakened he will go, very quietly, from door to door, and from window to window, sniffing softly at each, and ascertain the exact state of affairs. Then if his voice is heard it is time for everybody to get up. The robbers will always certainly run away when they hear him, but if there is any 'unpleasantness' the dog may be trusted to do his full share of the work, though he could not undertake it alone. Such a dog should never be allowed to fraternize with strangers or to take food from unaccustomed hands, though, probably, his disposition will not lead him to do so, but poisoned meat surreptitiously thrown over the fence is a great aid to burglars."—*San Francisco Examiner.*

A Boy on a Farm.

It is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him falls the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards.

Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the postoffice, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede, they would tire before night. He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he brings wood and water and splits kindling; he gets up the horse and turns out the horse. Whether he is in the house or out of the house, there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; in the summer he turns the grindstone. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but schools and chores. He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet, I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

Why We Look Bored.

At a meeting of a well known and very swell North Side woman's literary club the other day, says the Chicago *News*, the very literary subject discussed was why the men of the present day were nearly always bored when disporting themselves in society, and at times when only a beaming and cheerful countenance seemed desirable. And as the fact was much deplored there were various means suggested to end such a sad state of things.

A clever young North Side matron, who has essayed to shine upon the amateur stage, declared it her belief that the majority of girls were not equal to the task of entertaining the other sex, and hence held that other things might be substituted for conversation, like musicales, charades and private theatricals where no great amount of natural brilliancy is required.

A well-known belle with Titian hair, who does not act, answered very promptly that last winter society people had a number of chances of attending private theatricals, but the men either would not go at all or if they did declared them too stupid for anything, and stood in rows in the back part so as to be able to stroll out when they became tired; "and," continued the young woman in question, "everybody knows that to get a man inside of a room where he knows he is to hear a violin and piano is simply an impossibility."

Another woman, young and unmarried, announced with great fervor and with a pained look that she was sure it was the clubs; that club life ruined a man, made him hate to change his coat and get himself up in the style necessary to appear in the world of fashion, and if once there he was sure to wish himself back at the club with his easy chair and a cigar.

A middle-aged and dignified matron told of the good old times right here in Chicago when the men and women went out to evening entertainments and were home by ten or eleven o'clock. Then very little was thought of dress or style, and nobody was bored; she never remembered a single man who even looked so. Her idea of what was needed was early hours and more simplicity, and then she was sure everybody would be better off.

These and several other theories were advanced by those bold enough to speak at all, some very decidedly and some with a greater or less degree of timidity, but as no two could agree it was useless to argue furthur, and, as before stated, the club was called to order and the subject changed.

It seems strange that some of these charming and bright matrons and maids should not be able to find the solution for at least a part of all this in the simple word fashion. Fashion decrees that a successful society man must be bored and blase, or at least he must appear so, and on no account must he become enthusiastic upon any subject. How many of these youths does one hear of declining invitations to anything if he can possibly help it? He is sure to be seen at each and every place he is asked. It is considered the height of good form to go to balls, not for the purpose of dancing—oh, dear no!—but to stand gloomily in the background and look unutterable boredom. And really it is a sad sight to see these manly figures standing singly or in groups (the single figure is preferred as being more impressive) with an utterly abstracted air, or with a I-wish-I-could-go-home-but-don't-think-it-would-do sort of a look most painful to behold.

Served Him Right.

Gilsey, in the *Utica Observer*, says: Do the foolish men travel more than the others, or does it make a man silly to put him on a car and send him away from home? I ask this question because I meet so many men acting like idiots on every journey I take. Directly in front of me on a recent journey sat a pretty girl, perhaps twenty years of age, and across the way was a fine-looking middle-aged man with a sweet-faced wife, two lovely children and a nursemaid. This party was evidently returning from some prolonged visit to the country, and were heading for "Grandma's" to stay until the holidays. The conversation of the children told all this to every one in the parlor car. Presently, when mamma was deep in a new book and nurse had the babies on a sofa at the end of the car, the scamp of a husband opened the campaign by surreptitious smiles in the looking glass at the pretty girl. During the day he flirted with her. As the Madonna-faced wife bent over her novel the man would make eyes right over her shoulder, to the amusement and disgust of the passengers. Finally, he went to a rack in which telegraph blanks were deposited, took one and retired. After a while he came back, walked to the opposite end of the car, and, as he returned, he swayed with its motion and adroitly laid a folded paper on Miss' knees. It was the telegraph blank, and written on it was this: "I am strangely interested in you and desire a further acquaintance. Will you write me on your return to New York, A note addressed to John Johnson, 964 Beaver street, will reach a delighted man. Give me some signal before I leave (at the next station), that I may know my fate." The girl read over and over this impudent communication. Then, as she felt the eyes of half the passengers upon her, she got afraid of the result, and she turned to a lady, passed the paper over and asked: "What would you do were you in my place?"

An old gentleman in front spoke up: "Give that paper, whatever there is on it, to that insulted wife."

Well, bless me, if she didn't get up, cross over to the chair in which the wife sat, place the open communication on her lap, and say, "The gentleman with you gave me that a moment ago. I don't quite understand it." Nearly the whole car load watched the developments with intense interest. Some were sorry for the wife and felt vexed at the exposure of the man for her sake, but the lady quietly read it through. She was pale as ashes, but she turned a glance of such contempt on the man that we all knew there was trouble in store for that delusion and snare. Then she faced about and said pleasantly to the pretty girl: "Thank you; you have rendered me a very great service." The cars stopped and the party withdrew, the flirting husband making a desperate attempt to look unconcerned, but the look-out for one fool of a traveler was by no means pleasant, if we could read faces.

The Manner in which a Young Man Chooses his Neckwear.

Men are so fond of speaking satirically about the length of time which women consume in effecting small purchases—a pair of gloves or a yard of ribbon—that one would suppose the masculine mind quite above such trifling, but in that case what are we to make of incidents like the following:

A broad-shouldered young man, six feet tall, approaches the necktie counter.

"Can I show you anything in neckwear?" asks the clerk.

"Well, yes, have you anything new?" replies the young man, running his eye over the silk and satin contents of the show-cases.

"Show me the latest thing you have."

The "latest things" are spread before him. He handles them all, looks at them in different lights, holds them at arm's length, lays them on the sleeve of his coat, and altogether is as "fussy" as can well be imagined.

"Here is something I think will please you," says the clerk.

"No; I don't like a decided check."

"Here is a broken plaid."

"It has blue in it, and I am too dark to wear blue."

"Stripes are very fashonable this year."

"Are they? Let me see some of the newest styles."

"In what colors."

"Well, I hardly know."

"How about black or cardinal."

"I don't just fancy a decided cardinal."

"Wouldn't you like a scarf-tie?"

"I think not. It is so difficult to tie it neatly. Let me see that brown and white satin tie."

"Ah, yes; that's something new, and *very* stylish."

"The shape is well enough but that shade of brown never looks well on me."

"We have the same thing in black and white."

"No; I have no suit to match black and white. On the whole, I think I'll wait till your spring styles are in. I can probably suit myself better then."—*Exchange.*

A Little Story.

Chicago Reformer—"Der is no charity in dis gountry."

Omaha Man—"Oh, yes, there is plenty of it. Once a kind-hearted old farmer received word that a great many of his relatives were coming to live with him on his farm and he immediately replied that they were welcome and he would do the best he could for them."

"Dot was nice."

"Yes. Well, they came by the dozen and then by the hundred until the big house and big barn were so overcrowded that the late comers had to sleep out doors."

"Did they haff to vork?"

"Some worked well, some did little and some were only a hindrance, but the old farmer was hopeful until harvest came and then he found that there was not enough raised to keep them all in good board, and nothing to sell for clothes."

"Is dot so?"

"Yes. He continued to take three meals a day himself, but some of the others were reduced to two meals."

"Dot make 'em mad, eh."

"Just so. The late comers, and especially those who had to sleep in the barn and out doors, got together, talked for weeks, resolved that there was something eternally wrong about the farm, and finally ended by dynamiting the old man."

"Eh? Vat vas his name?"

"He was known among his relatives as 'Uncle Sam.'"

VARIETIES.

MEASURING HIM FOR A JEWSHARP.—Cal Thomas, who always has a good story to tell, has this one on Platt Evans, a stuttering joker, who was one of the early pioneers of Cincinnati: "In early days," says Cal, "it used to be thought capital fun to send a countryman from store to store inquiring for the things he would be certain not to find at the place to which he was sent. One day a fellow came as he had been directed, to Platt's store to buy a jewsharp. Platt was a merchant tailor. He was busy with a customer as the man appeared, and observing that several of the 'boys' had dropped in at the door just to see what Platt would do, he 'caught on' at once, and responded to the inquiry for the musical instrument: 'W-w-wait a minute.' Having served his customer, he picked up a pair of glove-stretchers and approached the rural melodist with 'L-l-let me m-measure your m-mouth,' and introducing the stretchers, manipulated them so as to transform the aperture into a horizontal yawn, awful to see, and capacious enough to hold a dozen jewsharps. Removing the apparatus, he examined it carefully and deliberately as one might scrutinize a thermometer or pocket compass, and then dismissed the unsuccessful hunter for jewsharps, as he said, in a tone of well-feigned disappointment: 'W-w-we hain't g-g-got any your s-size.'"

DOMESTIC ECONOMY IN CHICAGO.—"And so you are to be married?"

"Yes, and I've got just the loveliest things you ever saw. Such a sweet pearl silk dress and everything to match, the very best pa could find."

"What a dear, good man!"

"Oh, pa doesn't mind; he got everything on credit, you know."

"How nice!"

"Yes; and John and I went yesterday and bought the loveliest set of furniture that ever was; and such beautiful curtains; and the carpets! My! We got them on the instalment plan, you know."

"But you'll have to pay for them."

"No, I guess not. I told John we'd probably get divorced by the time the first payment comes due, and the folks may take all the things back again."

"Why, Hattie! what a manager you are! I am sure you ought to make a man happy!"

DIFFERENCE IN STRENGTH OF BRAIN.—I have told so many anecdotes of the kitchen that I begin to fear lest I obtain the reputation of being the chronicler of servant girl talk, but I must add a bit of conversation which took place last week between a Boston lady and a friend's cook. The family in which the latter lived have recently removed from a noisy street to a quiet one, a proceeding which chanced not to please the cook. The mistress was showing an old friend over the house when the latter said to the cook: "You have a nice, quiet place here, Margaret, with none of the noise of the old house." "It's the noise of the city that I'm after likin' meself, ma'am," returned Margaret, sourly. "Do you?" said the lady, pleasantly. "O, I don't, I can't stand the rattle and the roar of the noisy streets of the city." "Very likely not," Margaret assented grimly. "I s'pose most likely your brain isn't as strong as mine, ma'am."

MISTOOK HIS ERRAND.—A sullen-looking man with a horsewhip entered a Nebraska newspaper office and asked the boy where the editor was. The boy "sized him up" and answered:

"Gone to Ohio; won't be back for six months."

"Where's the foreman?"

"He's gone to Washington with an invitation to the President. Won't be back 'fore cold weather. What do you want—want to paralyze 'em?"

"No, no; I owe four dollars and thought I'd pay up."

"That so? Hold on a second; perhaps the editor hasn't started yet."

He whistled, a long, dark form crawled out of the wood-box, and the editor was ready for business.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Confidence Man (to stranger whose name he has learned from the hotel register)—Hello, General! Glad to see you in Boston, and hope you are well and happy.

General Scabbard—Well enough in health, thank you, though not exactly happy, but perhaps you can help me.

Confidence Man (confused)—In what way?

General Scabbard—I am not much acquainted here, and I have a cheque which I wish to get ca——. Well, bless my heart, how that man can travel. Thinks he is in danger of being fleeced by one of his own kind.

IN a suburban Sunday-school last Sunday the teacher of a class of little ones was about to entertain her young friends with the story of Abraham and Isaac; but wishing first to gauge the children's knowledge of the chief actor in the story, asked: "Now, my dears, who was Abraham? Can any one tell me?"

There was silence for a minute or so, and then a bright little fellow exclaimed triumphantly, manifesting his superiority over his less-informed and puzzled associates: "I know, Miss ——!" "Well, Alfred, who was Abraham?" "He was the man that used to come around to my house to buy pa's old clothes."

AN American joke sometimes loses itself through translation into another language. A native humorist wrote: "Notwithstanding that a lady should always be quiet and self-contained, she cannot even enter a place of worship without a tremendous bustle." A French writer reproduces it in this form: "According to an American author the ladies of that country are so greedy for notoriety that they cannot enter the holy sanctury without disturbing the kneeling worshipers with their vulgar and unseemly ado."—*Binghampton Republican.*

AT the restaurant known as the "Fried Cat" the roti is as usual put at the head of the table. The server asks Charley Freshleigh, a young newspaper man, what cut he will have.

"That decollete piece, please!"

"What is that?" queries the puzzled host pro tem.

"Oh, that fat one, all neck and breast of course," responds the handsome Bohemian. He got the white meat.

"WHO was the most patient man?" asked a teacher in one of Pittsburg's Sunday-schools yesterday.

None of the small scholars seemed to know until a little chap, who had been in a brown study for a few minutes, held up his hand.

"Who was it, Johnny?"

"It was the man who had the awful poor turkey."

Chaff.

Many a man is the architect of his own fortune, but never gets enough money to build.

"Rufus, dar wuz five pears on this tree an' now I only count four. How's that?" "I don't know, granny, 'nless you counted one twice.

Young Hostess—I must show you my baby, Mr. Brown; are you fond of them? Brown (absent-mindedly)—Yes—oh, yes! But I haven't eaten any lately.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, which read backwards and forwards the same? He said: "Madam, I'm Adam."

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" "About as smoothly as such affairs generally go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."

Lady (who had a sick husband)—Don't you think, Doctor, that you ought to bleed my husband? Doctor (absentmindedly)—No, madam, not until he gets well.

Sweet Girl (disrobing)—Did you look under the bed? Old Maid—What for? Sweet Girl—To see if there was a man there. Old Maid—No, dear, I've given up all hope.

A literary lyceum in a Western town is wrestling over the question, "Is the proper definition of an editor, a man who puts things in a paper or a man who keeps things out?"

Things one would rather have left unsaid—Professor Chatterleigh—By George! I'm so hungry I can't talk, Fair hostess (on hospitable thoughts intent)—Oh, I am so glad.

Some friend was remonstrating with Clarke, the actor, about his profanity and quoted the scriptural injunction, "Swear not at all." "I don't," said Clarke; "I only swear at those who offend me."

A teacher in this city recently asked a class to write an essay on "The Result of Laziness," and one of the bright but lazy boys in the class handed in as his composition a blank paper.

A poet says: "For thee I'd cast the world aside." It is hoped that he will do nothing of the kind. The world might go bumping up against some of the other planets and frighten timid persons into fits.

A sentence in an American novel, "He alighted and tied his horse to a large locust in front of the house," was rendered in a French translation so that it read that he fastened his horse to a huge grasshopper.

Confederate shinplasters got to be so numerous and so varied in the last days of the war that a "good old rebel, yes he was," paid for a square meal in a country town with a label taken from a Worcestershire sauce bottle.

"What did you marry my son for?" fiercely demanded an old gentleman of a clergyman who had just united his runaway scapegrace in the holy bonds. "Two dollars, sir," meekly replied the dominie, "to be charged to you."

An old lady came into a Boston bookstore the other day with an order which was rather difficult to fill. She said to the clerk at the counter: "Do you keep Bibles?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, I want a small pocket Bible, in very large print?"

"What makes you think our new boarder is a married man?" asked a boarding-house mistress of one of her servants. "Because," replied the girl, "I noticed that when he came home early in the morning he removed his shoes before going upstairs."

A.—Do you know where the custom of mothers taking their marriageable daughters to the watering places originated? B.—I have no idea. A.—Well, it dates back to the days of Abraham. You know it was at a well that Rebecca found her husband.

Lady of the House—You say you want to go to the matinee Wednesday? Kitchen Lady—Yessum. Lady of the House—What play are you going to see? Kitchen Lady—I don't know the name of it, mum, but I seen the picture where one man was a standin' on two others and wavin' a sword.

Robinson stood in the corner, his attitude expressive of pain. "What's the matter, Robinson?" inquired Dumley, who chanced to be passing. "Rheumatism again? You look sort o' twisted." "No," responded Robinson, "my wife has just made me a half dozen new shirts, and I've got one of them on."

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, bearing date the thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1884, made and executed by Joseph A. Williams and Mary L. Williams, his wife, and John Q. Williams and Mary C. Williams, his wife, all of the City of Detroit, County of Wayne, and State of Michigan, to Horatio C. Harrower, of the City of Buffalo, and State of New York, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said Wayne County, on the 31st day of October, 1884, in liber 203 of mortgages, on page 108, which mortgage was, by assignment in writing, bearing date the 15th day of May, 1885, assigned by the said Horatio C. Harrower to Mary E. Harrower, of the City of Albany, State of New York which assignment was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said Wayne County, on the 28th day of May, 1885, in liber 34 of assignments of mortgages, on page 103; on which mortgage there is now claimed to be due the sum of one thousand dollars principal and forty-two dollars and eighty cents interest, and no suit or proceedings at law or in equity having been instituted to recover said moneys or any part thereof, now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, and of the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given, that at 12 o'clock noon, on Thursday the ninth day of February, 1888, at the westerly front door of the City Hall, in the City of Detroit, the said City Hall being the place where the Circuit Court for the said County of Wayne is held, I shall sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage, with interest, and the legal costs and taxes paid by said mortgagee, or his said assignee, and an attorney's fee of twenty-five dollars provided for in said mortgage, which said premises are described as follows: All that part of lots thirty-seven (37) and thirty-nine (39) of C. F. Campau's subdivision of Private Claim 78, north of the Chicago Road, bounded as follows: Commencing at the north-westerly corner of said lot 39, (said corner being the south-easterly corner formed by the intersection of Myrtle st. and the alley between Ives avenue and Vinewood avenue), thence easterly along the southerly line of Myrtle street one hundred and forty (140) feet; thence southerly on a line parallel to Ives avenue to the southerly line of said lot thirty-seven, (37) thence westerly along the southerly line of said lot 37, to said alley between Ives and Vinewood avenues, thence northerly along the line of said alley to the place of beginning, being the land deeded to J. A. & J. Q. Williams by Maria A. Dunbar.

Detroit, Mich., November 14th, 1887.

MARY E. HARROWER, Assignee of Mortagee.
S. S. BABCOCK, Attorney for Assignee.

OUR AGRICULTURAL RESOURCES.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture.

The annual report of Commissioner Colman has been placed in the hands of the President for transmission to Congress, and a summary of its contents has been telegraphed from Washington. The Commissioner recommends substantially the abolition of the seed division of the department and the transfer of its duties to the state and territorial experiment stations. The department's position, he thinks, should be that of advisor in those investigations and enterprises which bear upon the agricultural interests of the country.

It is too early, he says, to make an official statement of the results in detail of the present year's experiment in the development of sorghum sugar manufacture; but enough is known already, he thinks, to enable the country to anticipate at an early day the production of a sugar supply from a plant as easy of cultivation as corn.

The work of the bureau of animal industry has been greatly extended during the past year. The governors of thirty-one states and territories have accepted the rules and regulations of the bureau and promised the assistance of local officers to secure their enforcement. In addition the legislatures of Rhode Island, Virginia, New York and Illinois have enacted laws providing for co-operation.

The worst infected counties, and those from which there was most danger of the cattle disease, are those in the neighborhood of New York, Chicago and Baltimore. They have been placed in quarantine. From the beginning of the work for the eradication of this disease in August, 1886, to Oct. 31, 1887, the inspectors of this bureau have inspected 15,387 herds, containing 117,480 animals, in districts where the plague was supposed to exist. Among these there were found 798 infected herds, containing 10,766 animals, of which 2,235 were affected with pleuro-pneumonia. These figures do not include 2,873 head of cattle in the distillery stables of Chicago, nearly half of which are diseased. The Commissioner expresses regret at the unavoidable loss inflicted on the farmers of Illinois by the cattle quarantine, and adds: "There has not been a time in years when this malady has been confined to such restricted areas as at present, and consequently the conditions are very favorable for its complete eradication."

In regard to the department's experiments in silk-reeling, the Commissioner says the experiments have not yet reached the point of paying their own expenses, but that was hardly to be hoped for with a plant so limited.

The report recommends that the public printer be authorized to furnish to the agricultural press of the country, at the mere cost of labor and material, electrotypes of such illustrations of the department as the editors may desire.

The Commissioner says the building of reservoirs among the Rocky Mountains for the storage of an immense volume of water now wasted should command the early attention of Congress.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers Free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

No Diagnosis.

INGHAM CO., Nov. 22, 1887.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a six year old roadster that by hard driving and negligence has become foot sore. After standing still a few days he will travel free and easy for three or four miles, and then flinches and gets lame; acts a little stiff at times. At times there is fever in his feet and the hoof has a tendency to shell. Has a good frog. Am keeping him in a ground floor stable and hoof is growing fast. Now as a subscriber of the FARMER I wish to know what best to do for him? If you wish more information concerning him, I will be glad to furnish it.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—Subscribers of the FARMER, when asking advice through our Veterinary column, would consult their own interest by carefully describing all noticeable symptoms of disease in their animals, sick or lame, no matter how trifling they appear; the general condition of the animal, etc. By so doing it enables us to diagnose the disease with more certainty, and to give advice to the enquirer more satisfactorily. From the imperfect description of symptoms we are unable to advise you understandingly. If you will answer the following questions we will try to set you on the right road to repair, or partially repair, the injury done the animal: Has the horse been foundered? Was his sire and dam sound in their feet? Was the horse driven without shoes? Are his feet round, flat, concave, pumiced or contracted? Is he otherwise sound?

Leucorrhœa in a Mare.

FARMERS' CREEK, Nov. 30, 1887.

Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a mare that has had the whites for about six years. I have treated her for it and at times thought I had it under control. It has become a bad case. Can you prescribe a remedy for it.

J. W. TOWER.

Answer.—The chronic character of the disease in this case makes a cure extremely doubtful. Diseases of this class more particularily require early and prompt attention to effect a permanent cure. Treatment—Wash out the parts with tepid water, using a syringe for the purpose, then inject the following: half an ounce of sulphate of zinc dissolved in one pint soft water; add four ounces of glycerine; shake well together and use with a syringe once a day. Give internally one of the following powders once a day in the feed, or mix with syrup to a paste, and smear on the tongue, using a wooden paddle for the purpose: Sulphate of iron, pulverized, one ounce; Gentian root, pulverized, two ounces; Jamaica ginger root, pulverized, one ounce. Mix well together and divide into eight powders. Discontinue the powders for a week, then renew them as before.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, December 5, 1887.

FLOUR.—Market unchanged but very firm under the influence of the improvement in wheat. If values of wheat hold up an advance in flour will be a necessity. Quotations on car lots are as follows:

Michigan roller process	3 50	@3 75
Michigan patents	4 00	@4 25
Minnesota, bakers	4 10	@4 15
Minnesota, patents	4 50	@4 65
Rye	3 20	@3 30
Low grades	2 15	@3 00

WHEAT.—After a firm and active market all week, with the situation favoring sellers, and values advancing slightly each day, the market on Saturday opened weak and fluctuating, and prices declined a fraction. Later this was regained, and in the case of futures values were slightly higher at the close. New York and Chicago were also higher on Saturday than on Friday. Liverpool and London are higher than a week ago, and firm at the advance. Closing prices on Saturday were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 85c; No. 2 red, 84½c; No. 3 red, 77c. Futures—No. 2 red, December, 85c; May, 91¼c. No. 1 white, May delivery, 91⅝c.

CORN.—Market closed quiet on Saturday, but prices were higher and held firm. No. 2 spot quoted at 53c, and No. 3 at 52c ℘ bu. A sale of No. 3 white was made at 52c.

OATS.—Quiet and steady at about the prices noted a week ago. No. 2 white sold at 34½c, light mixed at 32¾c, and No. 2 mixed at 31½c ℘ bu.

BARLEY.—Market higher and firm, with No. 2 State at $1 58@1 60 ℘ cental, and No. 3 at $1 48@1 50. Some choice samples sold at $1 65@1 70 ℘ cental.

FEED.—By the car-load $15 ℘ ton is quoted for bran. Middlings quoted at $15@19 ℘ ton. Stocks very light and held firmly.

CLOVER SEED.—Market strong at an advance. Prime spot sold at $4 12½ ℘ bu. on Saturday, and No. 3 at $3 90. In futures prime for December delivery had $4 12½ bid, but not accepted, and February delivery sold at $4 27½ ℘ bu.

BUTTER.—The market holds very steady, and prices show very little change. Good to choice dairy is quoted at 17@18c, and extra selections at 19@20c ℘ ℔. Medium table grades sell at 14@16c. Creamery is quiet but steady at 24@25c ℘ ℔.

CHEESE.—Market quiet but prices are steady at 12@12½c for Michigan full creams; Ohio, 10½@11c; New York, 12½@13c; skims, 9@10c for choice.

EGGS.—Fresh command 20c ℘ doz., and are in light demand. Limed, dull at 17@17½c.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messinas, ℘ box, $4 00@4 50; oranges, Floridas, ℘ box $3 25@4 50; cocoanuts, ℘ 100, $5 00@5 50; bananas, yellow, ℘ bunch, $2@3; red, $1 50@$2. Figs, 11@12c for layers, 14@16c for fancy; Malaga grapes, $5 75@6 00 ℘ keg of 56 ℔s.

BEESWAX.—Steady at 25@30c ℘ ℔., as to quality.

HONEY.—In fair inquiry and quoted at 17@18c for choice comb and 9@10c for extracted in cans.

BEANS.—Market quiet and steady. City picked mediums, in car lots, are quoted at $2 10 ℘ bu., and $2 25@2 30c in small lots from store. Unpicked quoted at $1 40@1 60 ℘ bu.

DRIED APPLES.—Market quiet at 4@6c for common, and 9@10c for evaporated. Demand mostly for evaporated fruit.

SALT.—Michigan, 80c per bbl. in car lots; eastern, 80c; dairy, $2 10 per bbl.; Ashton quarter sacks, 72c.

BALED HAY.—Demand very light. Timothy in car lots is quoted as follows, ℘ ton: Prime No. 1, $11; do. No. 2, $10; do. No. 3 $9@9 50; mixed, $7@8 50; clover, $6@7. Straw, $5@5 50.

POTATOES.—Quoted at 75@85c for store lots, and 70@75c on track. Market firm.

ONIONS.—In fair demand at $2 25@2 50 ℘ bbl. Supply liberal.

POP CORN.—Old quoted at 2@3c ℘ ℔. The market dull. Offerings free.

HIDES.—Green city, 6@6½c ℘ ℔., country 6½@7c; cured, 8c; green calf, 6½@7c; salted do, 7@7½c; sheep-skins, 50c@$1 50 each; bulls, stag and grubby hides ⅓ off.

APPLES.—The market is rather dull. Choice fruit is in limited supply. Prices steady at $1 75@2 25 per bbl., with choice at $2 50.

CRANBERRIES.—Michigan quoted at $2 00@2 25 ℘ bu., and eastern at $3 50@3 75. Market quiet, with moderate inquiry.

SWEET POTATOES.—Firm at $4 75@5 00 ℘ bbl. for Jerseys.

POULTRY.—Market is improving. Quoted as follows: Live, ℔., roosters, 4c; hens, 4@5c; turkeys, 7c; ducks, 6c; spring chicks, 5@6c; ℘ pair, pigeons, 20c. Dressed poultry is quoted as follows: Chickens, ℘ ℔., 8@9c; ducks, 8½c; turkeys, 8@9c; geese, 8c.

GRAPES.—Catawbas quoted at 5c. The supply light and market firm.

GAME.—Partridges, 50c ℘ pair; woodcock, $3 ℘ doz.; squirrels, $1 ℘ doz. Ducks—Mallards, 75c; blue-bills, 30c; teal, 30c, and redheads, 75@80c ℘ pair. Venison—Carcass, 6c; saddles, 9@10c ℘ ℔. Snipe, $1 ℘ doz.; quail, $2 00@2 25 ℘ doz.

BUCKWHEAT FLOUR.—Quiet; quoted at $2 50@2 75 for State and $3 00@3 25 ℘ cwt. for eastern brands. The supply good.

CABBAGES.—In good inquiry at $5 50@6 ℘ 100.

CIDER.—Common, 8@9c, and clarified, 10@11c ℘ gal.

DRESSED HOGS.—Rail arrivals light. Quotably steady at $5 50@5 70 ℘ cwt. Choice have sold up to $5 80.

PROVISIONS.—Market active for all pork products, and both barreled pork and lard have advanced. No other changes to note. Quotations here are as follows:

Mess, old	$14 00	@14 25
Mess, new	15 00	@15 25
Family	15 25	@15 50
Short clear	16 00	@16 25
Lard in tierces, ℘ ℔	7⅝@	7¾
Lard in kegs, ℘ ℔	7¾@	8
Hams, ℘ ℔	10¾@	11
Shoulders, ℘ ℔	7¼@	7½
Choice bacon, ℘ ℔	11 @	11¼
Extra mess beef, per bbl	7 00	@ 7 25
Tallow, ℘ ℔	3½@	4

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week, with prices per ton:

Monday—25 loads: Nine at $12; six at $11; three at $9; two at $14 and $9 50; one at $13, $12 50 and $10 50.

Tuesday—36 loads: Fourteen at $11; eight at $10; six at $12; three at $10 50; two at $12 50 and $9; one $13.

Wednesday—53 loads: Eleven at $12 and $10; nine at $11; four at $13 and $12 50; three at $10 50 and $8; two at $11 50, $9 50 and $9; one at $8 50.

Thursday—40 loads: Ten at $11; nine at $10; four at $10 50; three at $13 and $12; two at $12 50, $9, $8 50 and $8; one at $14 and $9 50.

Friday—22 loads: Six at $10; two at $12, $10 50, $9 and $8; one at $13, $12 50, $11 50 and $9 50.

Saturday—3 loads: Two at $11; one at $12.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, Dec. 3, 1887.

CATTLE.

The receipts of cattle at these yards numbered 738 head, against 526 last week. There was a fair attendance of buyers, but the quality of the stock offered was of poor quality, and this made the market a little slow. The run of western cattle was light and this had the effect of sustaining prices, which averaged about the same as those of last week. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs	$4 00@4 25
Choice steers, fine, fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs	3 50@3 75
Good steers, well fatted, weighing 950 to 1,100 lbs	3 50@4 00
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat cows, heifers and light steers	3 52@3 40
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls	2 25@2 50
Stockers	2 50@2 75
Bulls	2 00@2 75

C Roe sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 24 head of fair butchers' stock av 858 lbs at $2 90; 24 av 829 lbs at $2 65; a bull weighing 1,120 lbs at $2 25 and one weighing 760 lbs at $2.

Haywood sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 15 head of thin butchers' stock av 934 lbs at $2 25.

C Roe sold Webb Bros a mixed lot of 25 head of thin butchers' stock av 930 lbs at $2 55.

McMullen sold John Robinson 2 bulls av 1,085 lbs at $2 25.

Taylor sold Burt Spencer 5 stockers av 864 lbs at $2 65.

Watson sold Brooka 6 stockers av 683 lbs at $2 50; a cow weighing 1,000 lbs at $2 25 and a bull weighing 2,000 lbs at $2 75.

Brown & Spencer sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 24 head of thin butchers' stock av 800 lbs at $2 50 and 3 bulls av 840 lbs at $2.

Lewis sold McDonald 5 stockers av 716 lbs at $2 65.

Starkweather sold McIntire a mixed lot of 8 head of fair butchers' stock av 807 lbs at $2 62½; a coarse steer to Brown & Spencer weighing 1,230 lbs at $2 75; a bull to McDonald weighing 890 lbs at $2 and a good cow to Caplis weighing 1,150 lbs at $2 40.

Lewis sold Sullivan & F 4 stockers av 880 lbs at $2 75.

Stevens sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers av 838 lbs at $2 75.

Judson sold Sullivan & F 6 stockers av 783 lbs at $2 75.

Stevens sold Caplis 2 good cows av 1,130 lbs at $2 40 and 2 bulls av 1,150 lbs at $2.

C Roe sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 13 head of fair butchers' stock 954 lbs at $3 10; 2 fair cows av 950 lbs at $2 25; a coarse one weighing 1,080 lbs at $1 75, and a bull weighing 860 lbs at $2 25.

Judson sold Caplis a mixed lot of 5 head of fair butchers' stock av 913 lbs at $2 75.

Haywood sold Sullivan & F 5 stockers av 852 lbs at $2 75, and a bull weighing 1,260 lbs at $2 50, less $1.

Adgate sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 8 head of thin butchers' stock av 1,082 lbs at $2 50 and 3 bulls av 650 lbs at $2.

Sweet sold Caplis a mixed lot of 4 head of thin butchers' stock av 745 lbs at $2 55.

McMullen sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 14 head of fair butchers' stock av 654 lbs at $2 75.

Haywood sold Judson 5 stockers av 644 lbs at $2 10.

Watson sold Burt Spencer 2 oxen av 1,720 lbs at $2 62½.

SHEEP.

The offerings of sheep numbered 2,710 head, against 2,792 last week. There was a sharp competition for the receipts among the shippers. The quality of the offerings was rather poor, but buyers seemed to want sheep and they sprung the market a strong 25 cents per hundred over what the same class of sheep would have brought last week.

Giddings sold Monahan 86 av 71 lbs at $2 60.

Stevens sold Phillips & Wreford 109 av 70 lbs at $2 80.

G D Spencer sold Burt Spencer 60 av 80 lbs at $3 50.

Brown & Spencer sold Burt Spencer 69 av 97 lbs at $4.

Bordine sold Farwell 60 av 90 lbs at $4.

Lee sold Burt Spencer 203 av 86 lbs at $3 35.

Wallace sold Farwell 60 lambs av 74 lbs at $5 25.

Lewis sold Burt Spencer 46 av 74 lbs at $3 10.

Long sold Young 26, part lambs, av 77 lbs at $3 75.

Whittaker sold Farwell 165 av 82 lbs at $3 75.

Sweet sold Clark 139 av 78 lbs at $3 40.

Stabler sold Farwell 142, part lambs, av 72 lbs at $3 50.

Jedele sold Burt Spencer 139, part lambs av 76 lbs at $3 75.

Switzer & Ackley sold Fitzpatrick 25 av 83 lbs at $3.

C Roe sold Burt Spencer 114 av 88 lbs at $3 50.

Burlingame sold Farwell 23 av 84 lbs at $4 and 37 lambs av 66 lbs at $5.

Newman sold John Robinson 67 av 82 lbs at $3 50.

Bordine sold Phillips & Wreford 24 av 76 lbs $2 75.

J B Rowe sold John Robinson 75 av 67 lbs at $3.

Starkweather sold Burt Spencer 75 lambs av 69 lbs at $4 90.

Burlingame sold Fitzpatrick 77 av 71 lbs at $3 25.

HOGS.

The offerings of hogs numbered 1,699 head, against 2,364 last week. Sellers had no fault to find with the market. It opened up active at an advance of 25@35 cents over last week's prices, ruled steady and closed firm at the advance.

C Roe sold Webb Bros 58 av 181 lbs at $5.

Brown & Spencer sold Webb Bros 42 av 239 lbs at $5.

Brown & Spencer s sold Webb Bros 42 av 239 lbs at $5.

Tubbs sold Clark 39 av 207 lbs at $5.

Lee sold Sullivan & F 14 av 227 lbs at $4 85.

G D Spencer sold Stevens 14 av 240 lbs at $5.

Giddings sold Clark 41 av 168 lbs at $4 65.

Capwell sold Clark 13 av 133 lbs at $4 80.

Tubbs sold Clark 61 av 221 lbs at $5.

Stevens sold Webb Bros 30 av 212 lbs at $4 65.

Lewis sold Stevens 16 av 183 lbs at $5.

Stabler sold Webb Bro 59 av 186 lbs at $4 87½.

Hauser sold Clark 63 av 231 lbs at $5.

Judson sold Webb Bros 80 av 199 lbs at $4 90

Watson sold Clark 30 av 237 lbs at $4 90.

Long sold Sullivan & F 81 av 212 lbs at $5.

Adgate sold Sullivan & F 37 av 273 lbs at $5.

Burlingame sold Sullivan & F 36 av 272 lbs at $5 10.

Switzer & Ackley sold Webb Bros 34 av 184 lbs at $4 15.

Sweet sold Webb Bros 17 av 169 lbs at $4 75.

Newman sold Clark 78 av 209 lbs at $5.

McMullen sold Clark 141 av 209 lbs at $5 10.

Capwell sold Webb Bros 28 av 201 lbs at $5.

C Roe sold Clark 38 av 225 lbs at $5.

King's Yards.

Saturday, Dec. 3, 1887.

CATTLE.

The market opened up at these yards with 1,037 head of cattle on sale, the bulk of which were Michigans. There were quite a few fairish butchers' cattle among the receipts, for which the demand was active at strong last week's prices. Common cattle were plenty and closed a little weak but not quotably lower.

Evans sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 20 head of fair butchers' stock av 821 lbs at $2 75.

Fenton sold Genther 3 good butchers' steers av 963 lbs at $3 50 and a mixed lot of 4 head of thin butchers' stock to Reagan av 712 lbs at $2 55.

McCafferty sold Kammon a mixed lot of 8 head of thin butchers' stock av 740 lbs at $2 55 and 2 bulls to Kelly av 1,065 lbs at $2.

Bunnell sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 8 head of fair butchers' stock av 793 lbs at $2 75 and 6 coarse ones to Caplis av 743 lbs at $2 25.

Hope sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 5 head of thin butchers' stock av 778 lbs at $2 50 and a fair cow weighing 1,068 lbs at $2 25.

Culver sold Murphy a mixed lot of 9 head of fair butchers' stock av 735 lbs at $2 75; 8 feeders to Tyler av 917 lbs at $3 and 5 stockers av 584 lbs at $2 40.

Bresnahan sold Bussell a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers' stock av 875 lbs at $2 90, and 6 coarse ones to Reagan av 1,058 lbs at $2 30.

Stottle sold Kammon a mixed lot of 25 head of fair butchers' stock av 762 lbs at $2 75 and 2 bulls av 1,200 lbs at $2 25.

McCafferty sold Brooka 15 stockers av 824 lbs at $2 55.

Robb sold Mosher a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock av 1,100 lbs at $1.

Lovewell sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 5 head of thin butchers' stock av 768 lbs at $2 25 and a bull weighing 1,200 lbs at $2.

Fleischman sold Philips & Wreford 29 mixed westerns av 805 lbs at $2 75; 8 to Marx av 990 lbs at $2 85 and 8 av 882 lbs at $2 65.

Webster sold Herfch 8 good butchers' steers av 982 lbs at $3 50.

Mosher sold Priest 4 fair butchers' steers av 975 lbs at $3 25.

McFarlan sold J Wreford 3 fair butcher' steers av 1,036 lbs at $3 25.

Sullivan & F sold Kelly 23 mixed westerns av 1,000 lbs at $2 15 and 22 to Caplis av 1,000 lbs at $2 50.

Webb sold Murphy 5 thin heifers av 656 lbs at $2 60.

McHugh sold Brooka 10 stockers av 776 lbs at $2 50.

Gunthrie sold Orleng 4 fair butchers' steers av 980 lbs at $3 10.

Kalaher sold Murphy a mixed lot of 6 head of fair butchers' stock av 745 lbs at $2 70.

McFarlan sold Kammon a mixed lot of 19 head of thin butchers' stock av 773 lbs at $2 45 and 2 bulls to H Roe av 1,320 lbs at $2 25.

Holmes sold Voigt a mixed lot of 14 head of fair butchers' stock av 800 lbs at $3.

Purdy sold Henry 9 stockers av 730 lbs at $2 65.

Fliesch man sold McGee 28 mixed westerns av 998 lbs at $2 10.

Winslow sold Todd 10 stockers av 631 lbs at $2 25.

Fenton sold Brooka 6 stockers av 760 lbs at $2 65.

Carr sold Stonehouse a mixed lot of 11 head of fair butchers' stock av 825 lbs at $2 75.

Wreford & Beck sold Cross 60 mixed westerns av 732 lbs at $2 50.

Mosher sold Brooka 9 stockers av 623 lbs at $2 50.

Webster sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 18 head of fair butchers' stock av 876 lbs at $2 75 and 6 stockers to Brooka av 765 lbs at the same price.

McMullen sold J Wreford 5 fair butchers' steers av 894 lbs at $3 25.

Patrick sold Baxter a mixed lot of 11 head of fair butcher's stock av 849 lbs at $3.

Crave sold Burt Spencer 6 stockers av 633 lbs at $2 25.

Church sold Burt Spencer 5 stockers av 804 lbs at $2 75.

Ingersoll sold Reagan a mixed lot of 8 head of thin butchers' stock av 610 lbs at $2 40.

Patrick sold H Roe a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock av 818 lbs at $2 75.

Sprague sold Burt Spencer 5 stockers av 834 lbs at $2 75.

Bellhimer sold Stonehouse a mixed lot of 24 head of fair butchers' stock av 860 lbs at $2 60.

Gleason sold Loosemore a mixed lot of 23 head of thin butchers' stock av 720 lbs at $2 25 and 4 to Bresnahan av 630 lbs at $2 40.

Wreford & Beck sold Phillips & Wreford 36 mixed westerns av 598 lbs at $2 55 and 30 to Loosemore av 817 lbs at $2 50.

Flieschman sold McGee 24 mixed westerns av 786 lbs at $2 25.

Spicer sold Burt Spencer a mixed lot of 22 head of fair butchers' stock av 863 lbs at $2 80.

Vanbuskirk sold Kammon a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock av 812 lbs at $2 65.

Gleason sold Burt Spencer a mixed lot of 7 head of fair butchers' stock av 807 lbs at $3.

Wreford & Beck sold McGee 20 mixed westerns av 1,023 lbs at $2 50.

Glenn sold Phillips & Wreford a mixed lot 11 head of fair butchers' stock av 788 lbs at $2 70.

SHEEP.

The offerings of sheep numbered 2,430 head. Sheep were in active demand, and although the quality of the receipts were rather poor, buyers took them at an advance of 25 cents over the rates of last week.

Rupert sold Burt Spencer 119, part lambs, av 79 lbs at $3 50.

Proper sold Thompson 96, part lambs, av 72 lbs at $3 40.

Hope sold Burt Spencer 78 av 73 lbs at $3 25.

Hall sold Burt Spencer 69, part lambs, av 64 lbs at $3 25.

Eldredge sold Thompson 116, part lambs, av 63 lbs at $3 25.

Culver sold Thompson 123, part lambs av 68 lbs at $3 25.

Fenton sold Thompson 24, part lambs, av 61 lbs at $3 90.

Payne sold Thompson 107, part lambs, av 72 lbs at $3 50.

Morris sold Thompson 106 av 85 lbs at $3 30.

Lovewell sold Fitzpatrick 50 av 74 lbs at $3 15.

Hogan sold Burt Spencer 70 av 73 lbs at $3 15.

Kalaher sold Burt Spencer 89 av 74 lbs at $3 25.

Holmes sold Clark 20 av 86 lbs at $3 50.

Patrick sold Fitzpatrick 50, part lambs, av 66 lbs at $3 50.

Baker sold Thompson 181 av 72 lbs at $3 30.

Carr sold Burt Spencer 29 lambs av 68 lbs at $4 75.

Baker sold Thompson 120 av 77 lbs at $3 30.

Purdy sold Clark 47 av 83 lbs at $3 60 and 41 to Morey av 83 lbs at the same price.

Carr sold Wreford & Beck 24 av 82 lbs at $3 75.

Beach sold Burt Spencer 52 av 85 lbs at $3 25.

Cogsley sold Clark 66 av 77 lbs at $3 45.

Spicer sold Wreford & Beck 39 av 84 lbs at $3 70.

Plotts sold Thompson 192 av 78 lbs at $3 15.

Longcor sold Clark 55 av 76 lbs at $3 30.

Brant sold Fitzpatrick 97 av 80 lbs at $3 50.

Jeffards sold Fitzpatrick 16 av 95 lbs at $3 75.

Cullen sold Fitzpatrick 134 av 87 lbs at $3 10.

HOGS.

The offerings of hogs numbered 2,430 head. The market opened up active at an advance of 10@15 cents over last week's rates; later there was another advance of 10 cents, and the market closed firm, the bulk changing hands here. Some were not satisfied with the prices, and shipped out to Buffalo.

Micol sold Rauss 52 av 248 lbs at $4 80.

Hyne sold Sullivan & F 60 av 226 lbs at $4 65.

Pickering sold Sullivan & F 57 av 265 lbs at $4 80.

Bunnell sold Sullivan & F 27 av 245 lbs at $4 90.

McHugh sold Sullivan & F 48 av 267 lbs at $4 75.

Lovewell sold Clark 34 av 194 lbs at $4 75.

Proper sold Sullivan & F 21 av 200 lbs at $4 62½.

Standlick sold Stacey 36 av 213 lbs at $4 65.

Rafe sold Sullivan & F 10 av 125 lbs at $4 60.

Nott sold Huyser 11 av 243 lbs at $4 75.

Evans sold Sullivan & F 22 av 139 lbs at $4 50.

Harris sold Sullivan & F 55 av 226 lbs at $4 75.

Robb sold Sullivan & F 23 av 185 lbs at $4 85.

Butler sold Sullivan & F 34 av 231 lbs at $4 75.

Kalaher sold Sullivan & F 36 av 216 lbs at $4 80.

Adams sold Clark 94 av 213 lbs at $5.

Purdy sold Stacey 120 av 223 lbs at $4 95.

Morris sold Clark 27 av 206 lbs at $4 75.

Haley sold Clark 25 av 279 lbs at $5.

Holmes sold Stacey 65 av 240 lbs at $4 95.

Carr sold Clark 49 av 207 lbs at $4 80.

Wietzel sold Sullivan & F 58 av 167 lbs at $4 65.

Church sold R S Webb 15 av 194 lbs at $4 90.

Patrick sold R S Webb 48 av 169 lbs at $4 95.

Crave sold R S Webb 56 av 214 lbs at $4 95.

Longcor sold R S Webb 27 av 174 lbs at $4 90.

J B Rowe sold Sullivan & F 85 av 207 lbs at $4 90.

Plotts sold Sullivan & F 54 av 206 lbs at $4 85.

Cogsley sold Sullivan & F 20 av 223 lbs at $4 72½.

Beach sold Sullivan & F 53 av 221 lbs at $4 80.

Glenn sold Sullivan & F 40 av 162 lbs at $4 90.

Spicer sold Clark 38 av 208 lbs at $4 70.

Beardsle sold Stacey 115 av 226 lbs at $4 90.

Vanbuskirk sold Stacey 54 av 235 lbs at $4 75.

Church sold Stacey 149 av 219 lbs at $5.

Buffalo.

CATTLE.—Receipts, 9,588, against 7,755 the previous week. The market opened up on Monday with 190 car loads of cattle on sale. The demand from the east was light, but prices were well sustained. There was a demand for some extra cattle, but there were none offered. The best 1,500 to 1,600 lb steers on sale brought $4 70@4 90; good 1,400 to 1,500 lb do, $4 40@4 70: good 1,300 to 1,400 lb do, $4@4 35; good 1,200 to 1,300 lb do, $3 60@4; good 1,100 to 1,200 lb do, $3 35@3 75, and fair to good, 1,000 to 1,100 lb, $3 25@3; mixed butchers' and cows and heifers slow at $2 85@3 10; fat bulls, $2 25@2 75; extra, $3@3 25; stock do, $2. There were 15 loads on sale Tuesday and only 5 loads on Wednesday. The offerings were mostly medium weights and sold at Monday's prices. Prices on good cattle are strong and firm. On Saturday there were 3,196 head of cattle on sale. The market ruled steady and closed at the following

QUOTATIONS:

Extra Beeves—Graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs	4 75@5 00
Choice Beeves—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs	4 25@4 35
Good beeves—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,350	3 60@4 10
Medium Grades—Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,100 to 1,200 lbs	3 35@3 75
Light Butchers'—Steers averaging 1000 to 1,100 lbs, of fair to good quality	3 25@3 60
Butchers' Stock—Inferior to common steers and heifers, for city slaughter, weighing 900 to 1,000 lbs	2 50@3 15
Michigan stock cattle, common to choice	2 50@2 75
Michigan feeders, fair to choice	2 90@3 10
Fat bulls, fair to extra	2 25@3 00

SHEEP.—Receipts 49,800, against 37,800 the previous week. The offerings of sheep on Monday consisted of 80 car loads, or about 16,000. For common sheep the market was slow, but good to choice were in fair demand, and extra selected wethers active at $4@4 75. Common to fair sheep sold at $3@3 75; fair to good, $3 75@4; lambs, fair to extra, $4 50@5 50. The market was steady on Tuesday and on Wednesday for good to choice mutton sheep and lambs the prices were 10@15 cents higher. On Saturday the receipts of sheep numbered 9,000. Common sheep were dull and lower; good to choice, active and firm; lambs higher. Common to fair sold at $3 50@3 75; good to choice, $4 15@4 65; lambs, fair to extra, $4 75@5 70.

HOGS.—Receipts 78,156, against 96,376 the previous week. There were 70 car loads of hogs on sale Monday. The demand was active and prices 5 cents higher than on Saturday. Good to choice Yorkers sold at $4 95@5 05; fair do, $4 65@4 85; good to choice selected medium weights, $5 15@5 20, with a few sales at $5 25; pigs, $4 40@4 60. On Tuesday prices were 5 cents higher and on Wednesday 10@15 cents more was added, closing firm. On Saturday the offerings of hogs numbered 14,157. The market ruled active and strong at full former prices. Pigs sold at $4 75@5; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 10@5 20; selected Yorkers, $5 35@5 50; selected medium weights, $5 55@5 65; good to choice heavy, heavy, $5 70@5 75.

Chicago.

CATTLE.—Receipts 49,895 against 59,270 last week. Shipments 13,468. The offerings of cattle on Monday numbered 9,227 head. The market opened up with a good demand for all grades and strong Saturday's prices. Extra steers were quoted at $5 20@5 40; choice to fancy, $4 95@5 20; fair to choice, $3 75@4 85; poor to good 900 to 1,150 lb steers $2 60@4 10 and inferior to good cows, $1@2 50. The market ruled steady on Tuesday, and on Wednesday good cattle were stronger, but common grades were slow and weak. On Thursday the run of common cattle was heavy and prices ruled 10@15 cents lower on this class, closing with a good many left over. The market was firm for the poorer grades on Friday and stronger for the best. On Saturday the market ruled steady, closing, at the following

QUOTATIONS:

Prime beeves 1,500 to 1,900 lbs	$5 20@5 40
Choice to fancy shipping, 1,350 to 1,550 lbs	4 95@5 20
Fair to choice shipping, 1,200 to 1,400 lbs	3 65@4 85
Common to good shipping, 1,050 to 1,250	3 15@4 50
Poor and medium steers, 900 to 1,100 lbs	2 60@4 00
Fair to choice cows	1 85@2 50
Inferior to medium cows	1 00@1 90
Poor to choice bulls	1 60@2 60
Stockers, 550 to 860	1 60@2 40
Feeders, 875 to 1,150	2 60@3 05

HOGS.—Receipts 140,004 against 155,059 last week. Shipments 24,077. On Monday there were 22,945 hogs on sale. The market opened strong but closed easier, with poor to prime light selling at $4 50@4 85; inferior mixed to choice heavy, $4 65@5 35; skips and culls, $3@4 30. Prices advanced 5@10 cents on Tuesday and 5@10 cents more on Wednesday. The market ruled steady on Thursday and advanced 5@10 cents on Friday for heavy hogs, and 15@20 cents on light. On Saturday the receipts of hogs numbered 22,000. The market opened at former prices, but closed 5@10 cents lower. Poor to prime light sold at $4 80@5 30; inferior mixed to choice heavy, $4 80@5 65; skips and culls, $3 40@4 75.

THE receipts and exports of cheese at Chicago since May 1 (the beginning of the trade year) compare as follows:

	Receipts, pkgs.	Exports, lbs.
For the week ending Nov. 29	35,497	989,974
Same week, 1886	35,648	560,459
Since May 1, 1887	1,735,496	64,782,462
Same time last year	1,650,032	50,847,496